ZING RAIDER MONKEE

WILD COLOR PHOTO ISSUE!

TIGER IND. Beat

DECEMBER 35¢

Exciting Private Scoop! Super Photo Section

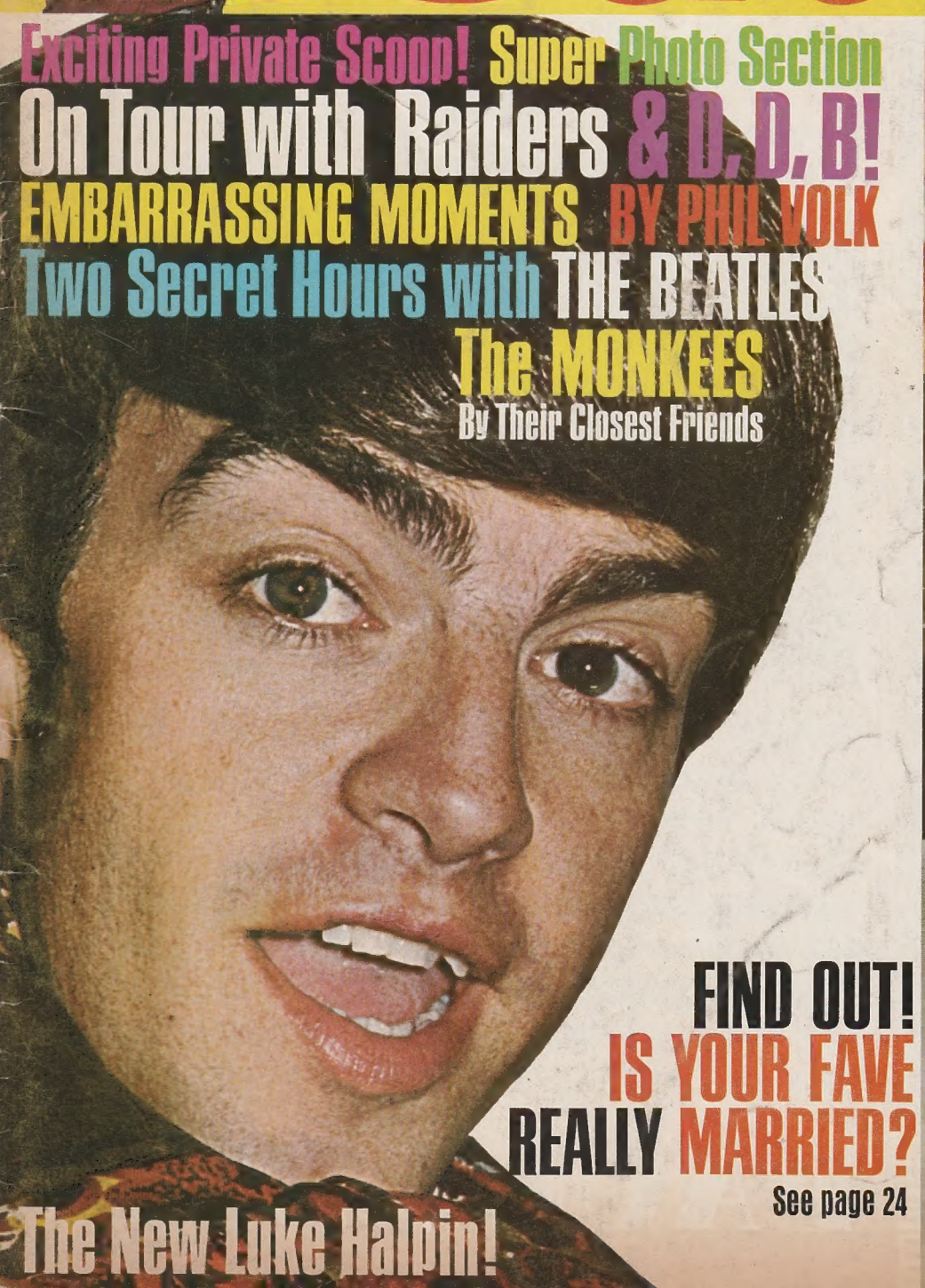
On Tour with Raiders & D, D, B!

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS BY PHIL VOLK

Two Secret Hours with THE BEATLES

The MONKEES

By Their Closest Friends



FIND OUT! IS YOUR FAVE REALLY MARRIED?

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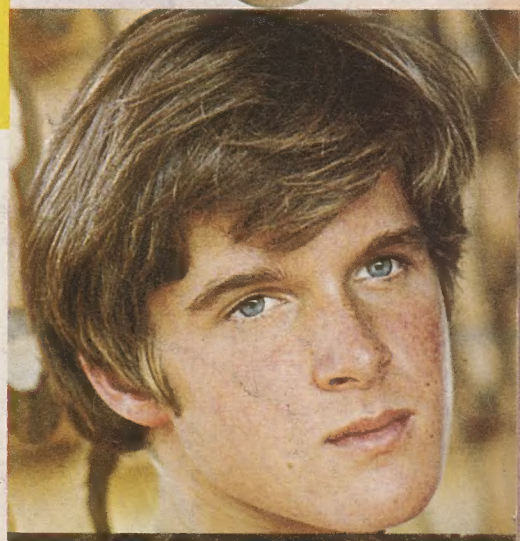
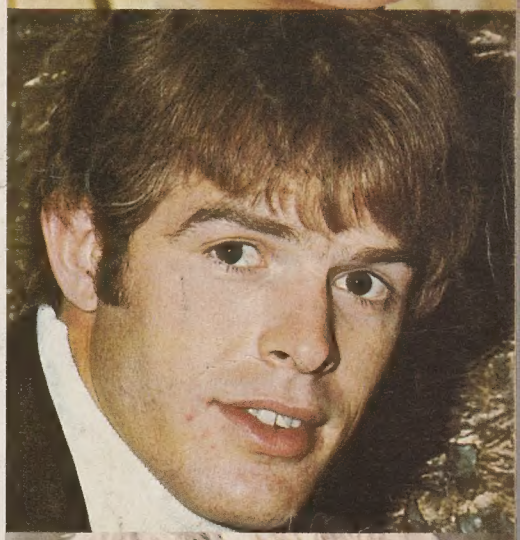
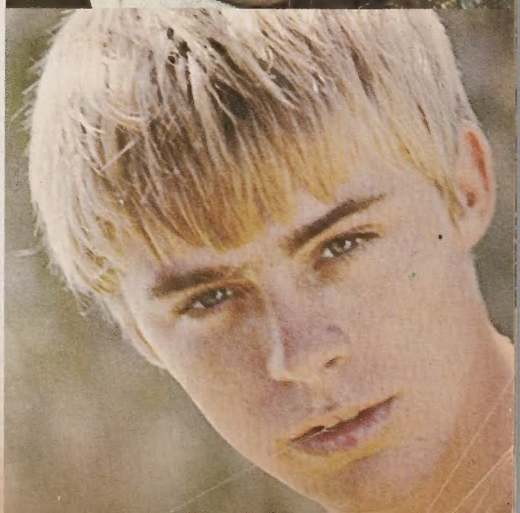
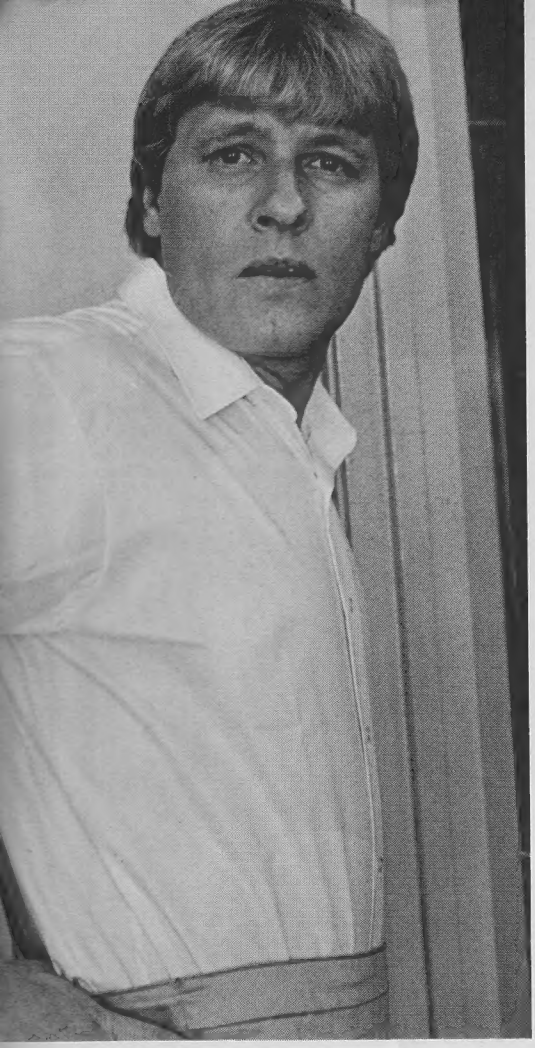
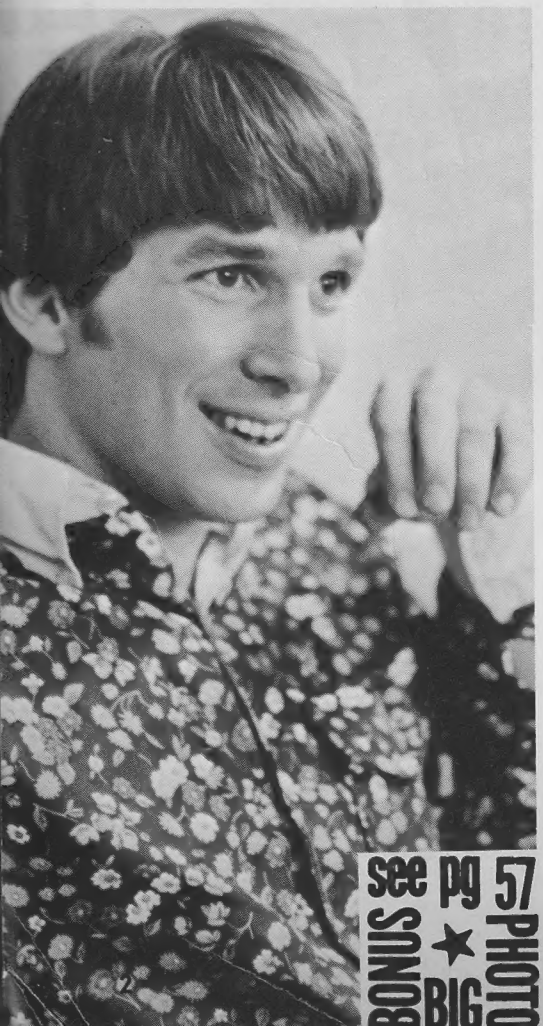
The New Luke Halpin!





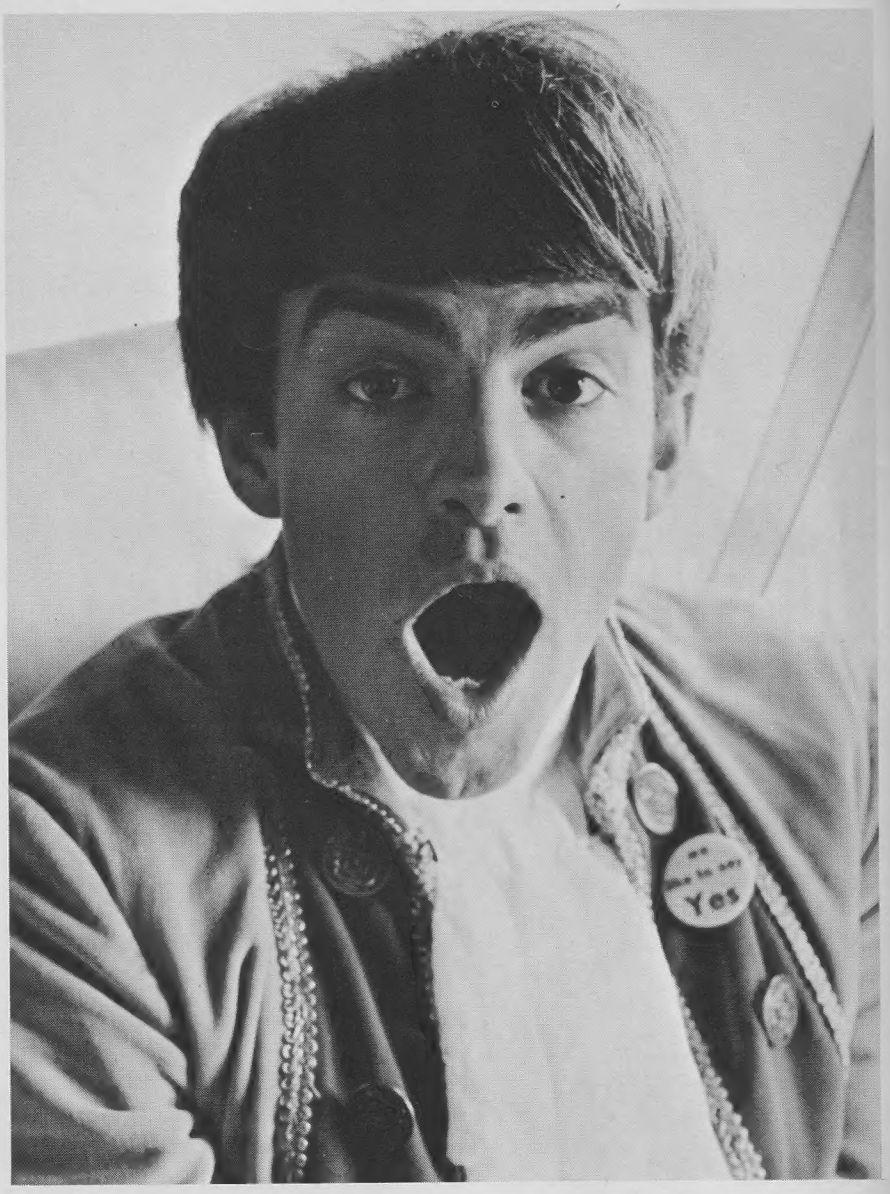






BONUS see pg 57 PHOTO ★ BIG

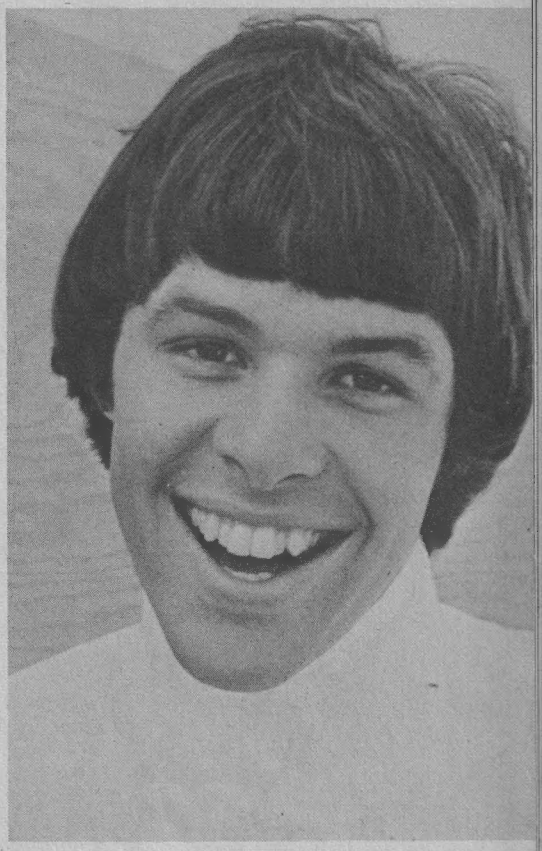
We Dedicate This Issue



MARK . . . The serious and silent idol who sends chills up and down a girl's spine when he sings into the microphone. He's constantly concerned about making people happy and this shows in his every movement. One of the most fab dressers anywhere, Mark can make anyone stop and look and wonder if he can be real.

PAUL REVER

o Five of Our Most Fabulous Friends!

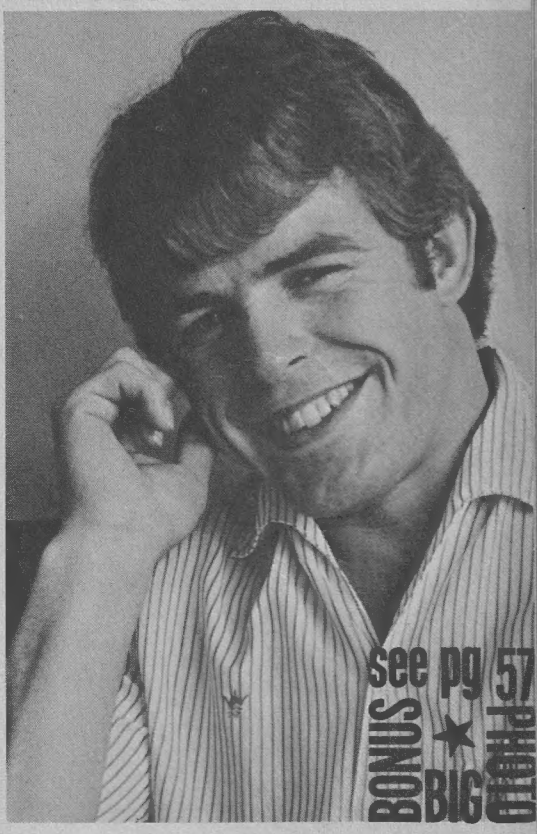


FANG . . . Moody in a sexy way. He's the actor of the group and has a personality that bounces just like his step. The greatest dancer who's ever led a girl across a floor. Certain to be a famous movie star either with the group or on his own.

PAUL . . . The backbone of the group with a heart of gold hidden behind a gruff exterior. Only those close to him know why it's not possible to know him and not want to be his friend forever. He seems to be getting younger every day, but to us he'll always be 'Uncle Paul.'

SMITTY . . . The comedian of the group who has a way about him that keeps the guys laughing even when things are the roughest. His curly hair tops off a handsome face that produces thousands of smiles every day.

JIM . . . That groovy smile and those deep dancing eyes. He loves his fans so much that he can't stop signing autographs or keep from thinking about the gifts they send him. Jim would have to win honors in any contest for the world's most friendly person.



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E and the RAIDERS

Send your letters to

TIGER TALK c/o
TiGER BEAT Magazine,
1800 N. Highland,
Hollywood, California 90028

ADVICE TO MAKE FRIENDS

People write to TiGER BEAT searching for the key to popualrity. They argue about whether boys prefer chubby or thin girls; tall, medium or short girls; long or short hair; and it goes on and on.

Don't these people know everyone has his own personal preferences? Besides, who likes a girl who is beautiful **and** conceited? Looks are kind of important at first, but the truth is that they aren't really very important at all. It's the person's personality that counts!

My advice is: Be well-groomed, cheerful, nice to be with, and care about other people's feelings. Follow these rules and you'll have more friends than you could possibly count—both girls and boys.

Well Wisher
Dallas, Tex.

SICK

Sick, sick sick! That's how boys are beginning to look! I don't agree with the adult opinion of bell bottoms, long hair, etc. But I'm with them all the way when they put down earrings and teased hair! Who wants a sissy boyfriend? Not me!

B. W.
Lincolnton, N. C.

DUMBO EARS RICHARD!

What? How could De Dee Parks of Tarzana say that about my gorgeous Keith! Oh, horror!!!

Keith Lover
Cicero, Ill.

DON'T FOLLOW TRENDS!

Who cares if girls wear their hair long or short? Why follow a trend if it doesn't suit you, just because everyone else is doing it?

Being a Mod, I wear what looks good on **me!** Don't be trendsitters, be trendsetters!

Cyn Beach
Chicago, Ill.

BEATLE FAN FOREVER

I met the Beatles the day after the Cleveland Beatle show. I only got to talk to them for three minutes, but during that time they were extremely nice. Paul was the nicest—it was he who let me take their photo. John actually asked me if I wore contact lenses (I do!) and Ringo shook my hand. George was quiet and reserved, but he still remains my favorite.

Call it faithfulness, loyalty or insanity, but . . . . . I love 'em.

Pat Simmons
Cleveland, Ohio

JOHN DAVIDSON

Congratulations on your September article on John Davidson! I will never pick up any other teen magazine again! Ever since I accidently tuned into Summer Music Hall on TV, I have been hoping that some magazine would introduce John to their readers. What a relief that one finally has!

I wish that TiGER BEAT would write more articles about John. After all, he has the three things necessary to become an idol: Good Looks, Talent, and Bachelorhood!

Claire Radke
Edmonton, Canada

DINO'S LOOK-ALIKE

All of my friends say I look **exactly** like Dino! Even my **relatives** say this! I think Dino is cute, and I consider it a compliment, but it is getting out of hand!

Once I was looking over a low wall, and all you could see of me was from the nose up. All of a sudden about 12 girls screamed, "It's Dino!" and they came running over to me with autograph books.

I **love** looking like Dino, but sometimes it's embarrassing!

Gina
Middleton, Wis.

PLEASE, JEREMY!

Would someone **please** tell Jeremy Clyde to cut his hair! He's got such a groovy face and beautiful eyes and all, but it's all covered by too much hair! I would like to know if he **really** likes it down to his shoulders? I can't believe he does. I know he gets very annoyed when he is teased about his hair. Does he grow it that long just for spite or what?

There must be other Chad and Jeremy fans who agree with me. I hope they will write in too and you could show all the letters to Jeremy. Maybe then he'd see that we would love him even more if he'd let go of some of that hair!

Jeremy Clyde Fan
Lima, Ohio

WHERE WERE THEY?

Could you please tell me where the color pix of the Raiders were taken for your back cover, September issue? They look like they were taken backstage at the concert which the Raiders did in Cleveland recently. Were they?

Shirley Ford
Cleveland, Ohio

The photos were taken at the TiGER BEAT offices, in Hollywood and backstage at the Valley Music Theater just outside Hollywood.

C'MON RAIDERS!

Why don't the Raiders come to San Francisco and perform? Recently they played in areas near S. F., but they didn't come here! We need you, Raiders! What are you scared of?

Raider Nut
San Francisco, Calif.

GOOD SERVICE

Usually when I order something from a magazine, I don't get it. However, with you I have had a new and wonderful experience. I ordered some of your back issues and a couple of weeks later I received them!

Cathy Huff
Chicago, Ill.

AN APOLOGY TO HERMAN

Herman's Hermits came to Portland last September, and I'll bet it's a place they're trying to forget!

At first everyone was happy. I think Herman knew we loved him. But now he's probably not so sure. Some wild person threw a soda bottle and hit him in the eye. I don't know if he began crying or not, but he ran from the stage and so did his group.

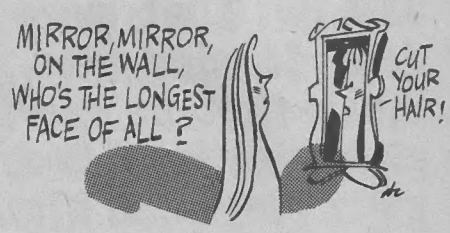
Peter, I'm so sorry about this! I know it must have hurt you because it's happened to me before. I don't blame you if you hate us all. You have every right. But please remember that all of us can't be blamed for one person's foolish action. Do you forgive us?

Harriet Harmon
W. Bowdoin, Maine

PORTRAIT LOVER

I received those wonderful portraits that I ordered, and I think the one of Phil Volk is terrific! Please tell your readers about them!

Renee Ayers
Dover, Dela.



HAIR LENGTH

Not all people look good in long hair. You should wear your hair to suit the shape of your face.

Can't you just see somone with a l-o-n-g face with long hair?

A. Z. A.
Axal, Colo.

(Continued on page 7)

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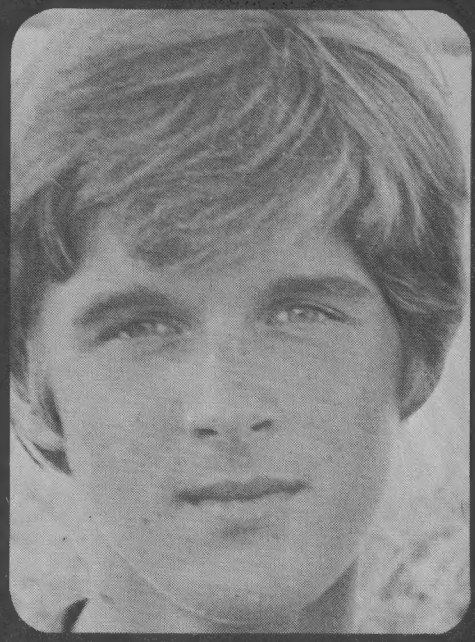

Hi Tigers,

Hi Tigers,

It's been great being T.B.'s guest editor this month! The Raiders and I have been buddies for a very long time.

While on tour with them, I had the most exciting two weeks of my 15.2 years.

Listen, by the way, there are a couple of pictures of my people (Desi and Billy). I hope you don't mind—they need the publicity!

You'll get some real good information on my friends the Beach Boys, and a lot of good things on the Beatles and about Luke Halpin and those new and great Monkees!

I really think you'll like this issue. You'd better, or I don't get to be guest editor any more!

Cloud Atkinson

BECAUSE YOU ASKED FOR IT, WE'RE CONTINUING

THIS GROOVY SAVING!

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY OFFER!!

To celebrate TiGER BEAT's first year of publication we're offering our readers this fantastic bonus! Now when you subscribe to TiGER BEAT at the regular price of $3.50 per year you get absolutely

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A copy of TiGER BEAT's Private Address Book which sells for $1.00. plus a copy of BEAUTY & POPULARITY SECRETS which sells for $1.00. A giant $5.50 value for just $3.50. A saving to you of $2.00!

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TiGER TALK

(Continued)

THANK YOU

I want to thank you for printing my poem to Dino in your Mr. Handsome Contest. I know you must have gotten hundreds of poems from Dino's fans, and I was so excited when you chose mine! Who knows? Maybe even **Dino** will read it! Then he would get an idea of all the letters and poems you must receive for him at your TiGER BEAT office!

Debbie Wiesemann
Chesterton, Ind.

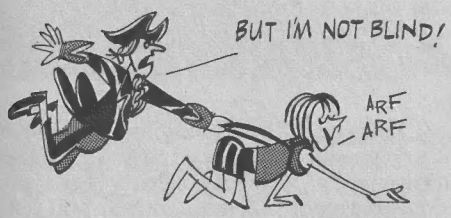
Dino did read your poem when he came by the office, Debbie, and he liked it very much.

MARK SHOULD BE HAPPY

I'm so disgusted it's not even funny! I mean about those girls who wrote in your October issue about Mark Lindsay's getting married. There's just no end!

Anybody who says their fave star shouldn't get married is only thinking about herself. If Mark got married I wouldn't care a bit, as long as he's happy. I would still love and respect him as much as I do right now. I adore Mark, and marriage won't change my opinion of him at all!

Long Live Mark!
Vancouver, B. C.



IS IT TRUE?

I read somewhere that Mark Lindsay of the Raiders is half BLIND! I sure hope not!

I worry about him, cuz the Raiders are my favorite group. If anything happened to Mark, the rest of the group would be lost!! Please tell me if this is true!

Worried Fan
Worth, Ill.

Worry no more! Although Mark wears contact lenses, he's a long way from needing a seeing eye dog!

WAKE UP, GIRLS!

This is to the three girls who wrote in that they wear long skirts, saddle shoes, etc. Stop listening to Bach, Beethoven and Mozart and the rest of that jazz and tune into some fab music like the Raiders or the Hermits. How can you spend a dull, quiet afternoon at home reading when you could be out having fun at dances and stuff?

As for boys, that's all we think about. It's no wonder that you aren't interested in boys, though. What boys would look at girls dressed like you? Only old ladies wear their skirts below the knee! And as for saddle shoes—do they still make those things?

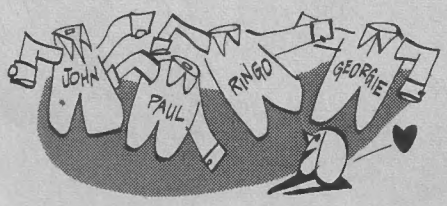
Two Girls Who Know
Hollywood, Calif.

IT TAKES COURAGE!

When I first read the letter in your October TiGER Talk from the three girls who wear bobby socks and long skirts, I really laughed. Then I began to think about the letter and those girls. I'm one of the crowd who wouldn't go to the Girl Scouts or those square things if my life depended on it. I spend my time frugging to Paul Revere and the Raiders and go to as many dances as I can. I flirt with boys and always wear nylons. I have some of the longest bangs in the freshman class and my skirts are two inches above the knee.

Although I would not like to be one of those girls, I do admire and respect them. It takes a lot of courage nowadays to be a little bit different than the rest of the girls in this conformist world of teens.

A Conformist
Pittsford, N.Y.



BEATLES ARE WILD!

How could that girl from Chicago say the Beatles never moved around on stage? When they appeared in Philly, I sat in the 4th row at J.F.K. Stadium watching what she called "the stuffed shirts" jump on the stage, lively as can be!

I don't know how long they played, but every second was filled with antics. A jet came down low, and Johnnie "aimed" his guitar and "shot" at it. Paul jumped around the stage doing cute little actions on the side. George walked back and forth, doing dances with Paul. When Ringo was finishing his song, he kept bowing over and over as the crowd thundered their approval. Just call me . . .

Stuffed Shirt Lover
Philadelphia, Pa.

BIG DISAPPOINTMENT

I've been to many concerts and I've met many groups. I drove over 300 miles to see the Beatles, and when it was over, I just sat down and cried!

I paid $5.50 for a ticket out of my own pocket money plus gas and other things. In all, I spent almost $50, and for what? A few songs and a dull performance! The Beatles concert was lifeless, except for the screaming girls.

What's the matter with them, can't they move?

Ex-Beatle Fan
Tacoma, Wash.

C'MON DINO!

I think when Dino Martin said he was ugly (September issue) he was faking it and not really being modest at all. He is cute, but he acts too much like he knows it.

Nancy Metz
Tarzana, Calif.

LEAVE TiGER THE SAME!

I'm writing in response to a letter in your October TiGER Talk. Rose Parker said that there should be beauty tips and poetry and stories, etc. instead of so many pictures and articles on stars and singers.

If Rose wants to find out how to be beautiful, or if she wants to read poetry and stories, there are many other excellent magazines and books for her to look at.

I'm sure that other readers will agree with me in saying that we like TiGER BEAT the way it is!

Christine Watson
Pleasant Hill, Calif.

DEAR POP STARS

I'm writing you this letter to tell you something you may not realize. We, your fans, love and adore you. I'm sure you know that we're the ones who put you on the popularity charts. We don't ask much in return for buying your records, loving your songs, writing you millions of letters, joining your fan clubs, and sending you presents, not to mention how many times we called our local deejays to get them to play your records even more!

All we ask is that you keep on being your great wonderful selves! But when you are confronted by fans, could you **please** be kind! We realize after doing a show and being on a tiring tour that you aren't in the best spirits. But it's the smile, and your "Hi, kids!" that we need, not snubbing!

I can recall a time I met one of my fave pop stars. He hadn't gotten out of his cab yet, and I handed him a present which I had scrimped and scrounged and saved for. I would have sacrificed anything for him. He smiled and said, "Thanks, luv!" and tossed it on the seat. When he emerged from the cab a few minutes later, he was without the present. The cab just took off. He may not have meant to leave my gift there, but he did, and I don't think he realized how hurt I was!

I hope in the future that all you pop stars will try to be more considerate in your actions. We fans really don't expect much more than that!

Shari Buteer
Phoenix, Ariz.

DOESN'T GET IT

This is regarding the girl who wrote in saying, "Dino Martin is the greatest thing since the washing machine!"

Now what on earth does a cute, sharp guy like Dino have to do with a washer? How could she even compare the two? Honestly!

N. L.
Rome, N.Y.

CAREFUL, BOYS!

I was shocked when I read that Mark Lindsay had totaled his car! I'm sure glad that he had his seat belt fastened! I hate to think what might have happened! So from now on, Mark: BUCKLE UP!

Mark's Fan
Albany, Ore.

(Continued on Page 64)

On Tour With The RAIDERS & D, D, & B!

Photos and Text By Tiger Beat's Ann Moses

How does one sum up in mere words what it's like to spend five days with America's greatest entertainers? I only wish you all could have been along so that we wouldn't need to use words. You would all have the feeling that's so difficult to describe.

The week preceding the tour I couldn't sleep and I reasoned that this was how excited I would feel as I traveled with the boys. But that feeling was insignificant when compared with the feeling I had when I was with them. My smile gave it all away, it was a smile that just wouldn't stop.

Spending night and day with both **Paul Revere** and the **Raiders** and **Dino, Desi** and **Billy** you see them when they're happy, but also when they're hungry, tired, grumpy and angry. You also see the grueling life they sustain and you come to appreciate and admire them for their continual drive. When you come to know each of them more closely, all you can say is that they are some of the most wonderful people in the world.

THURSDAY

5:00 p.m. "Hello, Pumpkin!" **Uncle Paul** greeted me when I finally reached the eleventh floor of the **Raider's** hotel in Baltimore, Maryland. It was strange being some 3,000 miles away from home, yet being with close friends! Strange, but wonderful!

9:00 p.m. Hours preceding that night's concert found the **Raiders** joyously waving to the at least 300 fans eleven stories below. As we all proceeded into the bus for the ride to the auditorium two blocks away, we were met by that same barrage of fans and had to scramble (but quick!) into the bus.

10:00 p.m. Great concert! This was **Chad and Jeremy's** last night as **Dino, Desi** and **Billy** would join the tour the next day. During the concert **Uncle Paul** called **Chad** and **Jeremy** on stage to say "thank you and good-bye—" very informal, the greatest!

11:30 p.m. Because the auditorium was only two blocks from the hotel, when we reached "home" I think the entire concert audience had migrated there. They pounded and chased the bus and we couldn't get near the hotel. The boys **couldn't** make it into the hotel safely, so we drove several blocks away, parked the bus on a dark street and waited a half hour. Then, we tried again. There was still a huge crowd, but police lines held most of the over-eager ones back, and only slightly mauled, everyone made it back to their rooms.

1:00 a.m. I was paid a visit by those two masters of the funny face, **Fang** and **Harpo.** They told me I must be initiated to be on the Raider tour and proceeded to put on a

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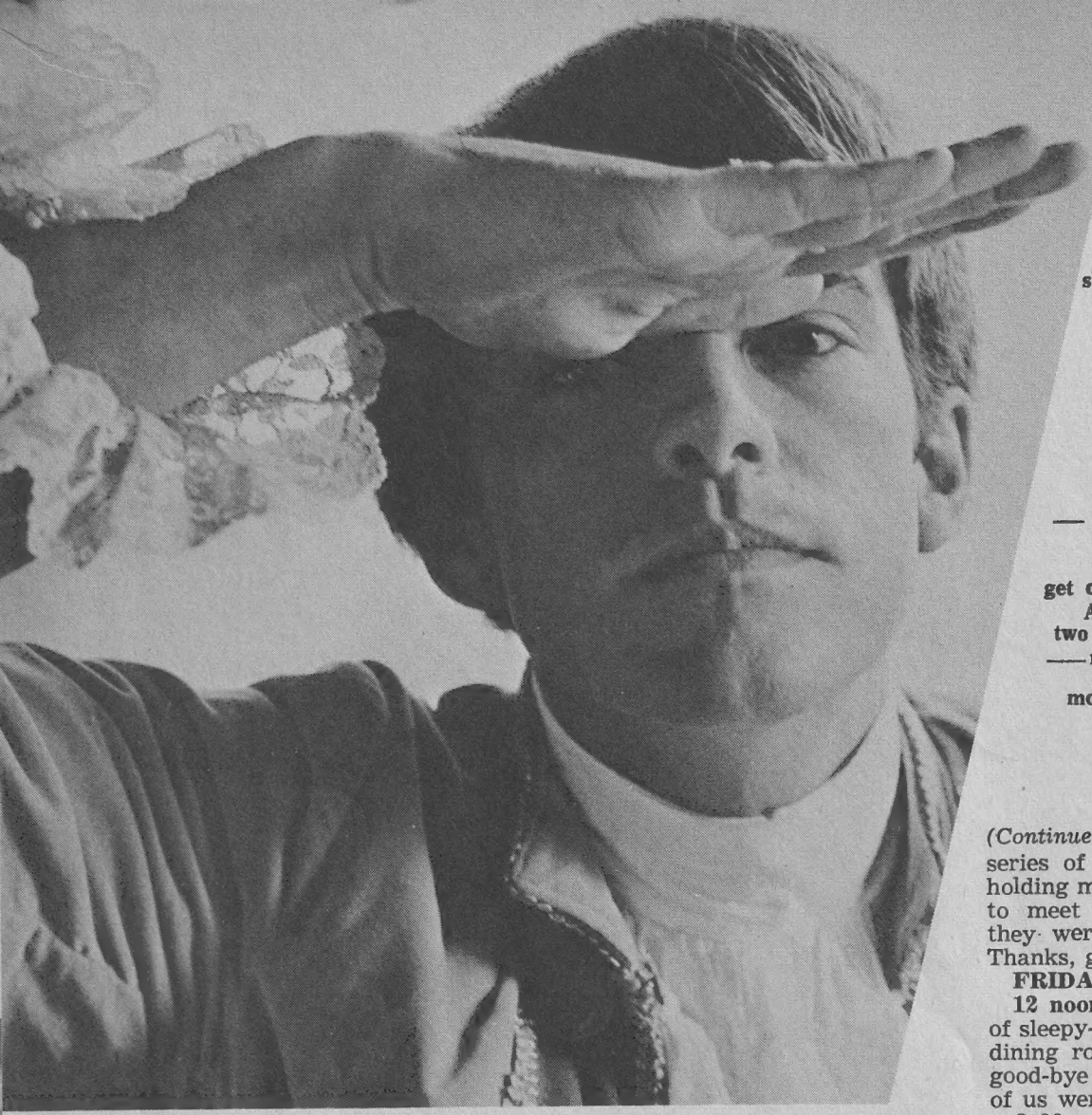

MARVELOUS MARK could always be counted on to keep us all laughing. At right, Desi catches up on a little sleep. All the boys slept on the bus at sometime or another. Life on tour is tiring!

REAL RAIDER ROOTERS, — below, were these sisters the Raiders met at the hotel in Baltimore. The guys couldn't get over their authentic costumes! After the show they invited the two fans up for some Cokes. They —— made the costumes themselves with some help from their mother. They were darling girls and the Raiders luved 'em!

(Continued)

series of comedy skits until I was holding my sides! I was now smiling to meet Raider requirements and they were off to get some sleep. Thanks, guys!

FRIDAY

12 noon. Morning found a cluster of sleepy-eyed musicians in the hotel dining room. **Chad and Jeremy** bid good-bye to everyone; and the rest of us were off for the airport.

2:00 p.m. Since **Mark** hadn't made it to breakfast, we had lunch together at the airport restaurant. Everyone from the waitress to the cook asked for autographs and **Mark** happily obliged. **(Mark,** if you were wondering why I was laughing so much, **Jim** and **Phil** were across the room making faces!)

3:00 p.m. We woke **Smitty** and **Paul** who had fallen asleep in the lobby and ran to catch our plane. It was a smooth and speedy flight; and we touched down in Atlanta, Georgia to change planes.

4:00 p.m. There was a little commotion as we met **Dino, Desi and Billy**—everyone was shaking hands. We jumped onto a new plane and were off for Jacksonville, Florida. We landed at Jacksonville where the temperature was a humid 90 degrees.

5:00 p.m. Our half-hour ride to the hotel was comfortable since the bus was air conditioned. Only seconds passed before **Mark and Dino** were talking about Ferraris. Well, a lot can happen at the Beverly Hills Ferrari Dealer in three weeks time!

6:00 p.m. Phil and **Tommy Roe** (also on the tour) invited me to join them for dinner, an invitation I gladly accepted. By 8:30 we were off for the auditorium.

9:00 p.m. Backstage was quite a sight. **Paul** was showing **Dino** some organ cords, **Jim** and **Billy** were "fighting" for the mirror, **Mark** was tinkering with **Dino's** bass, and radio station disc jockeys were recording interviews. Meanwhile, I was recording it all on film!

11:30 p.m. The majority of the guys had decided this was the night for sleep and retired after the usual after-the-show meal. Wake-up call was scheduled for 9 a.m., but most were awake by 5 a.m. answering phone calls from fans. What amazed me—they accepted long distance **collect** calls just to see **who** would be calling from Happiness, Kansas or whatever the town!

SATURDAY

9:00 a.m. We were off for Tampa, a four-hour ride. **Mark** quickly inflated a mattress and climbed up into the luggage rack above the seats (yes, he fit) and slept until we stopped for lunch. **Paul** told me the entire history of the Raiders (which you can read about in this issue) and before long **Harpo, Fang, Dino, Desi, Billy** and the **Guilloteens** (the other band on the tour) were gathered around our seat listening intently to **Paul's** tale!

1:00 p.m. We stopped for lunch, which in it's own way represented the atmosphere of the entire tour. We sat at different tables, but it wasn't **Raiders** here, **D,D,** and **B** here, etc. Instead there was blending of all the groups on tour. It became one big family and it was fantastic!

2:00 p.m. We were off for the final hour's drive and I witnessed (again) the usual scene on the bus. **Tommy Roe** and **Mike Smith** both

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had guitars and they were continually in use. **Mike** got everyone laughing as he did a "medley" of **Dylan** songs. **Dino** is just learning to play lead guitar, so he was constantly asking **Jim** and **Billy** how to play this tune or that. Again, the sing-a-longs were a combination of all the acts.

3:00 p.m. We arrived in Tampa and **Dino** was the first out to the pool! He had no swimming trunks, so **Harpo** loaned him a pair of Burmudas. The result—**Dino** was clad in a pair of oversized, orange-flowered burmudas. **The Raiders** tried to spend their two free hours sleeping, but were unsuccessful as fans filtered in and out and banged on their doors for autographs.

8:30 p.m. The show in Tampa was the biggest and most exciting of the five days I spent with the boys. The auditorium was sold out, the audience was very enthusiastic and the local groups on the show were the best we had seen so far. One group, **The Tropics,** were so good they had all five **Raiders** in the wings watching (and digging) their act!

Mark received a beautiful color portrait drawn by a fan and to show his appreciation he spent half an hour talking with her backstage. **Dino, Desi** and **Billy** and the **Raiders** each received keys to the city.

Tommy Roe, backed up by the **Guilloteens,** put on an excellent show. It was great hearing **Tommy** singing his hits "Shelia" and "Sweet Pea." **Dino, Desi** and **Billy** put on the best show I have ever seen them do. They have added many new numbers to their act and have become great performers.

When I think of the show the **Raiders** bring their audience, I feel inadequate to fully describe it. No matter how large or small the audience, no matter how tired they feel, when they step onto that stage they are in a different world, and their world envelopes you.

Their clowning, their exuberence, their music puts you in a delightful world of fantasy. Just one look lets you know they are having as much fun as you. Not once did I tire of their act, instead I was excited to see what "new" something would wind up as part of their show The only words I could use to sum up all that I saw and loved is—communicable, infectious charm.

COMING NEXT MONTH: During the second half of the tour find out why the Raiders had to spend 36 sleepless hours . . . how they went speed boating in Miami . . . and the desperate search for Mark's contact lens at the Miami Concert. If you were there, you'll want to re-live it, if you weren't you'll want to know all about it, so don't miss the January TiGER BEAT!

CLOWNING IT UP in Raider uniforms were Desi and Billy backstage at the Tampa concert. Below, Mark was always smiling and happy to sign autographs for fans! The Raiders and D, D and B were great to their fans!

THE WHOLE HISTORY OF THE RAIDERS

By "Uncle" Paul Revere

So you want to know how the Raiders got together. Okay, pumpkins, I will go way back. The first place we ever played was at the Elks Club for a free teenage dance in Caldwell, Idaho. We played about three or four of those within a month. Instantly, they were booming successes. Before then the Elks couldn't get the teenagers interested in coming to their dances, but we packed the place.

In the beginning we wore nothing but our regular grubby clothes—coveralls, levis and the like. That only happened for a few dances, then we decided we'd be a little more professional and we wore white shirts and black pants. We were doing so well, kids were coming from all the towns around. Instantly, I said, "I can see that this should be done right." I started renting a hall in Caldwell. I remember it cost me $30 a night to rent. I would buy $150 worth of radio advertisement, rent a public address system; and I'd get my friends to take tickets. Then I'd hire two policemen for $9 each, which made a total investment of about $200. We charged 75c per person to start. Then we raised it to 90c and finally a dollar. We'd clear about $600 a night. That was in the beginning.

Mark's P.A. System

Our band became very well known throughout Boise Valley. Every town around Idaho has National Guard Armories; and we'd go to neighboring towns and rent their Armories. Mark would rent a public address system that would hook onto the top of a car and he and his teenage buddies would drive around the high schools as they let out in the afternoon and would announce, "Don't miss the big dance, coming at the National Guard Armory, featuring the Downbeats!" They'd have a turntable inside blaring rock and roll music and they'd drive through the drive-ins.

We would do this in all the towns we played in and I'd have leaflets printed up and we'd put them on the windshields of all the cars in all the towns within about 30 miles. All this was done ourselves. The only paid advertisement I had was the ads I'd buy on the rock and roll radio station. There was only one. I'd buy it so that the spots would be on at noon when the kids were on their lunch break and I'd have spots in the afternoon right when school let out.

There was another radio station that played rock and roll in the afternoon from four to six and the two stations had news breaks at different times. One station had news at five minutes **before** the hour and the other had news **on** the hour. Naturally, when the news would come on the kids would hit the button. I always made sure that they played my spots on the one station during the news break on the other station. I really took advantage of every spot we paid for. If I paid for 30 spots, I made sure that those spots were heard right at the time when I knew the kids were listening to that station. I was very tight with that end of it.

First Recording Session

I'd give Mark gas money and he and some of his friends would spread out in different directions and hit all the neighboring towns with fliers. The PA system on the car worked pretty well for a while, but Mark and his boys got carried away and they'd go zooming down the main street of the town screaming and yelling and pretty soon we started getting arrested for disturbing the peace. People started reporting this little gold Valiant that was making all these terrible noises!

For the first two months the group was called The Downbeats. Then I figured we were good enough—we should make a record. We went to a little recording studio in Boise, Idaho, where they recorded radio commercials. It was a fairly good little recording studio—the only one in Idaho. The studio cost $100 an hour with an engineer, which is ridiculously high. I didn't know at that time, but it would have been cheaper to go to Hollywood and rent a two-bit studio for $15 an hour. At least we would have been cutting with someone who was used to cutting rock and roll. This studio was used to cutting big bands that did these commercials. So I rented it for three hours, it cost me $300.

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THE WHOLE HISTORY OF THE RAIDERS

By "Uncle" Paul Revere

(Continued)

I brought the band in and we recorded a whole bunch of junk—as much as we could on one tape. I took a week off from work and took the tape and drove to Hollywood. I'd never been to California before in my life and I had no idea what I'd find.

I had made a list of record companies from my own record collection. Some of the labels had addresses on them and I copied them down—Ding-Dong Records, Bobo Records, etc. When I got to Hollywood I didn't know what to do, so I looked in the phone book for record companies.

What's A Demo?

I knew big companies like Capitol Records wouldn't even talk to me, but I went in anyway. They said, "If you want to leave a tape, we'll listen to it and let you know in a couple of weeks." But I was only going to be in town for a week and I only had one tape! They said, "Oh, too bad."

MARK WITH SHORT hair is quite a change from the Mark of today. This is how he looked way back in the year 1963.

I went to another record company and when they said leave a tape, I said, "I can't, this is the only one I've got." They said, 'Leave a demo here." I said "What's a demo?" They told me it was a copy of what I had on my tape. They sent me to a studio that made demos (or dubs) and I still didn't know what they were talking about!

So I had three demo records made. I thought, "Well, that's a groove! I've got three records!" So I started going to these places that I had addresses of and I found out that all these little record companies were nothing more than an address. I'd walk in and I'd say, "Where's What's-It's-Name Records?" and someone would say, "They went out of business months ago!"

I realized that most of the time these labels didn't last more than a month — one hit record and that would be the end of them. Finally, I went to Epic Records and Epic said they'd listen to my tape, the guy was nice. He listened and there were a couple of things he dug, but he said they had signed a group that sounded a lot like us, so they weren't looking for another group. The sound we had was Jerry Lee Lewis piano and Duane Eddy guitar and a Champ saxaphone. It was a mixture of all the hot groups at that time. It was an out-of-sight sound!

Our Female Vocalist

At that time we were a six-piece band, plus a girl singer. She was a dead ringer for Brenda Lee. She sounded exactly like her. Then Brenda Lee had a song out called "Sweet Nothin's" that nobody had heard of. It was not a hit. It had been out for about six months and it wasn't being played anywhere in the country except Boise, Idaho. It was a hit in Boise and our girl singer sounded just like Brenda Lee. The song didn't hit until about six months later when Brenda took off and became big.

The man at Epic Records said, "I know a label that's just starting and the guy is looking for artists." So he called up a man at (we'll call it) Small-Time Records. The guy at Small-Time listened to our stuff and he dug one particular song. He wanted to put out a record of this thing that was called "Beatnik Sticks," which was a piano instrumental—a rocking version of chopsticks. He dug it. On the flip side was a thing called "Orbit" featurinf Mark Lindsay's **terrible** sax. It was probably the worst saxaphone sound in the world. It sounded like a dying mule, honking. So the one side was Mark playing sax and the other side was me playing piano. He wanted to put out the "Beatnik Sticks" side. I left a demo with him.

I had two demos left. I took one to another little company and one to (we'll call it) Big-Time Records. The guy at the one little company loved it and wanted to record it. I said, "Great!" and ran over to get my demo from Big-Time. But when I got there **they** wanted to record it! I couldn't believe it! I thought, "Wow! Big-Time Records!"

I drove like mad to Small-Time Records, picked up my demo and ran out of the office. I did the same thing at the other little company. I went back to Big-Time Records because it was such a big label and that was the one I wanted. So the guy told me, "We're gonna record it."

The Raiders Flip

I phoned the guys in Idaho and told 'em, "You won't believe it, we're on Big-Time Records!" It was the neatest thing that ever happened. I had only been there five days and I ran around like crazy, I must have gone to a thousand doors. So I jumped back in my car and drove back to Idaho. I figured all we had to do now was wait. We

DRAKE LEVIN has now been replaced in group by Jim Valley but Drake was with them in the early 1960's. He now records alone.

UNCLE PAUL hasn't changed much from the early days. He's still the group's undisputed leader with a sharp wit and sharp talent.

waited three weeks and still nothing. I phoned the guy at Big-Time and said, "What's going on?" and he just talked double talk, you know, "We're trying and we'll let you know." I thought, "Oh, no!" Pretty soon I was calling this guy every day for two weeks and finally he said, "Well, we'll put it out, but we'll have to re-cut it."

I said, "I'll get the guys together and we'll record it again and send you the tape." But he wanted us to record it in Hollywood in a good studio. I agreed and he set up a day for us. I got all the guys in the band together. At that time we all still had jobs of our own, we had just been playing weekends. So we knocked off work, jumped into the car and drove to L. A.

The guy at Big-Time said, "You're recording tomorrow at noon." Something seemed wrong. I heard through the grapevine that the guy that was cutting us was getting fired from Big-Time Records. I was curious whether or not he was going to get us on the label. I went down to the Musicians Union in Hollywood to check on it.

I didn't know how to go about anything, so I told the guy at the Union, "I just need some information. I'm Joe Schmo from Idaho and I brought my crew down and we're doing a session and I want to make sure that everything is right and if we're going to get paid for this session or what." He said, "Yeah, you definitely get paid for a recording session."

Record Company Hang-Ups

I said, "Okay, we're recording tomorrow afternoon at Gold Star Studios." So he looked it up in his books and the session wasn't entered. I knew we were doing it. He said, "Well, if you are, somebody is going to get in trouble, because no papers have been brought in on this and if your boys are going to do a session, you've got to sign contracts and you get paid for it."

So I called the guy at Big-Time Records and said, "What's going on?" He said, "You've let the cat out of the bag now, I'll square it with the Union and you call back before you go into the session and make sure it's okay." I agreed. The next morning I phoned him and said, "We have a session set up and it's for Big-Time Records, right?" The Union man said, "No, it's for On-the-Beat Records." I had never heard of On-the-Beat Records.

I went up to see the guy at Big-Time Records and I said, "What's the deal, are we on Big-Time Records?" And he said, "Actually I'm leaving Big-Time and this is a label I'm starting on my own and you're the first artist to be on the label." So I panicked! I thought, "This guy is a loser, he's a crook!" Here we are down in Hollywood and no session, so all I could think of to do was call the guy at Small-Time Records and see if he was interested.

I phoned him and said, "You probably don't remember me, but my name's Paul Revere and I had this record called 'Beatnik Sticks' that you were interested in." And he said, "Yeah, whatever happened to you?" I said, "It's a long story, but my boys are in Hollywood and would you be interested in the record?"

Our First Single

He said, "Well, I don't know, not under the same terms as before." He had agreed to pay me a flat rate, something like 10c a record. It was an unbelievable amount. So we settled for a nickle a reocrd; and made an arrangement. We thought, "Great!" and all jumped back in the car and drove back to Idaho.

When I talked to him, he asked what the name of the group was and I told him The Downbeats. Through the course of conversation he found out my name was Paul Revere and he said, "Man, Don't be a sucker, with a name like that you've got to use it!" I hadn't really thought I should use my name because I didn't consider myself as being the star. I was the leader of

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PHOTO BELOW, taken in 1963, shows Mike Holliday who was replaced in group by Phil Volk. That's Drake and the group's manager Roger Hart, with him in Seattle.

Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart

(Those Who

At right, Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart

TELL ALL ABOUT THE MONKEES

now Them Best)

DAVY

PERSONALITY — Davy (along with Micky) is the most vivacious one of the group. Davy is the ladies' man—not just in the series, all the time! He's the cute little boy. Thanks to Davy and Micky, our record sessions are just as funny as the show. They are off stage exactly as they are on stage!

He's very funny. Together he and Micky could almost be a comedy team, like they're very quick at ad-libbing. Once we started a session and they were both on different microphones. Mickey didn't know where to come in on the harmony part, so Davy says, "Micky you come in here," and Micky was saying "Here? . . . Now? . . . Where? . . . "It was so funny we recorded it! We put it on one cut in the album and it's unbelievably funny!

BEST TRAIT — Davy is very English. He's always very proper, polite and pleasant.

CLOTHES — He's very mod. He likes the tight-fitting striped pants and the mod hats and bell - bottomed pants—like you see in the British magazines.

MUSIC—Davy (and Micky) love the Stones! All the Monkees love the Beatles. Davy likes most of the rock and roll that's played today.

QUIRKS — Davy is very conscious of his hair. He's always straightening it. Even when he comes to recording sessions, he's always dressed very neatly. He's very conscious of his appearance at all times.

MOTTO—He has no one favorite motto, but he's always coming out with very British sayings. He'll say "What's that, luv?" and other short phrases, probably things we might say, but his accent makes a real difference.

(Continued on next page)

PETER

PERSONALITY — Peter is the reserved type, he was a folk singer. He and Michael are more different off camera. He's very funny in front of the camera, but off camera he's quieter. Peter would probably go home after a recording session and put on a Joan Baez album or play his guitar. Peter is a very serious musician. He studied musical theory for a couple of years in New York and he plays really fabulous piano.

BEST TRAIT—His musicianship. Peter is a very serious, emotional, d e e p person. He thinks a lot. He probably spends a lot of his time alone; and he likes to read.

CLOTHES — Peter is the average kid in the way he dresses. He likes tennis shoes, no socks, levis and tee-shirts.

MUSIC — Peter likes folk music. He likes people like Joan Baez and the Mama's and the Papa's.

QUIRKS—Peter almost always brings his guitar and a book to recording sessions. During the breaks he plays folk music or goes into one corner and reads a book.

MOTTO—Peter is famous for long cliches. He'll pick them up from his readings. He'll say a whole string of words that would mean the same thing as if Davy said, "What's that, luv?"

MICKY

PERSONALITY—Micky is THE funny one. You could sit for an hour and listen to him, he loves to talk. He does a million impressions. He can go through a Jonathan Winters-Maude Frickert impression that cracks you up.

A lot of times we'll be in the middle of recording and all of a sudden he'll break into one of his scenes and say "Brrrrrr—earth calling space, earth calling space, come in please. . . "and he'll go through a whole routine. He's always doing unbelievably funny things — just so there is someone to watch him. He's funny without an audience, but with an audience his mind goes a hundred miles an hour. What he likes is reaction. If he sees you smiling, he just won't stop.

BEST TRAIT — His sense of humor. No matter how tight a situation, he can say something and make everyone feel at ease.

CLOTHES — Micky's the casual one! He's always barefooted, his hair is usually mussed and he always has a sports shirt on.

MUSIC—Micky is a Monkee fan. Along with Davy he loves the Stones; and along with the rest of the guys he loves the Beatles.

QUIRKS—Before and during recording sessions, Micky has a "thing" about getting hot soup. He grabs his throat like "Oh, I have to have some soup!" He likes either split pea or vegetable beef. He says, "Please get me some soup!" like it has to be in the next 20 seconds or he'll die!

MOTTO—Micky has no one saying. If he wanted to get an idea across, he'd use one of his impressions. He has lots of funny voices; and sometimes he talks like he was speaking into a public address system to a crowd.

(Continued on next page)

MICHAEL

PERSONALITY — Mike is very funny, but in his own way. He's the Will Rogers of the Monkees. Just like everyone liked Will Rogers, you like Mike the minute you meet him. He's always writing songs. Two of his songs are on the Monkees first album. He likes to ride his Honda and go driving in his GTO. All the guys have Hondas and GTO's.

BEST TRAIT—His drive. He's very ambitious. Also, his personality. Maybe it's because of his western accent, right away you dig him.

CLOTHES — He's very western in his dress. He wears plaid shirts, big-buckle belts, levis and, of course, his wool hat. He wears his hat everywhere. It's his "thing." He's probably had a hat like that since he was a little kid.

MUSIC — Of course, he likes Monkee music, but when he goes home he probably puts on albums like Hank Williams and Flat and Scruggs. He definitely likes Country and Western music.

QUIRKS — Michael continually wants to write songs better. He's very interested in melodies and works on them a great deal. Also, he always has to be doing something, he can't sit still.

MOTTO—Michael is likely to come out with things like a country Tennessee Ernie Ford or Jimmy Dean. He'll say things that sound like something from the "Beverly Hillbillies."

Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart write most of the songs for the Monkees. They began developing the "Monkee sound" long before Davy, Micky, Mike and Peter ever heard the word "Monkee."

Tommy recalls, "We read the first script during the time the studio was auditioning actors for the parts. There was only a concept of four singers, a group. We took everything into consideration and created the Monkees sound, which was derived from Bobby's background and my own."

Tommy's background includes the penning of the "Where The Action Is" theme song. He also wrote and sings the closing song heard every day on "Action." He co-wrote the big hit "Peaches and Cream" and with Bobby, co-wrote "Come A Little Bit Closer."

Besides his interest in writing, the sandy-haired writer is eager to pursue his own singing career. Both his records "Sunday" and the new one, "Nashville" were well received.

Bobby, too, doubles-up on his talent. He worked several years in nightclubs in Las Vegas, where he played organ. He is now the lead singer and organist in his own group, the Candy Store Prophets.

It was Bobby who conceived the idea for "Last Train To Clarksville." Bobby says, "There's a little town outside of Phoenix where I used to spend my summers called Clarksville, Arizona. That's how I got the idea for the song. Sometimes we get ideas from the script."

Tommy continues, "In one show, Davy is going with a girl and he likes her, but he doesn't want to be tied down. It was like, 'I like you and I want to be with you a lot, but I want to be free.' That's how we got the idea for 'I Wanna Be Free.!"

Since they got to know the boys they started to write more comical songs. "The Ladies Aid Society" is a song on their second album. Tommy and Bobby got the idea from one of the many funny ad-lib stunts put on by Micky and Davy.

The six young men seemed to hit it off from their first meetng. Tommy remembers the hectic scene. "We met them long before the show was sold; and we were recording a song for the pilot film. The instrumental track was on tape and they were at the microphones recording the vocal parts. In the corner of the studio there was a ladder. There was a long guitar break in the song and when it came over the loud speakers, they all jumped down from their stools and started a big wrestling match in the center of the floor. Michael climbed to the top of the ladder and was narrating it!

'Then all of a sudden when the guitar solo was over they were back up at the mikes singing!" It was an insane meeting and it's been that way ever since.

TOMMY BOYCE, ANN MOSES, AND MICKY DOLENZ together when the Monkees took the Last Train to Clarksville ride as a promotional stunt from the TV show. Ann has lots of personal stories to reveal about each Monkee in future issues of TiGER BEAT.

TOP DJ Sam Riddle (left), of KHJ-TV and radio in Los Angeles, hosted the Last Train to Clarksville ride in Los Angeles. The Monkees later appeared on Sam's high rated Saturday night KHJ TV show.

BONUS SEC
阿尔★贝托

A PRIVATE VISIT WITH LUKE HALPIN

90 degrees, the sun is shining bright and two tanned boys are busy with snorkels and fins swimming in the warm Florida water. This is hardly the typical setting for a television lot, but this is exactly the way it looks when Luke Halpin films the TV show "Flipper."

Set by the clear, blue water at Miami's Seaquarium, Luke spends his days swimming, speed boating, and even flying in a sea plane for his role as "Sandy," son of the Florida ranger.

Because he spends so many hours a day in the water, Luke's hair is a golden blonde handsomely emphasizing his dark eyebrows and deep blue-green eyes.

Luke became so fascinated working with Flipper, the dolphin, that when the series ended shooting at the start of the summer, Luke took a job at the Seaquarium training dolphins.

He says, "The man who trains Flipper is quite a character himself. He understands these animals better than anyone else. The dolphins continue to amaze me. A day never goes by when something different doesn't happen. If you can show them once or make them understand what you want them to do, they'll do it every time on command. The problem is getting them to do it to start with. You have to teach them the signal, which is really the hard part. They are the most intelligent animals, though, and it's great working with them."

The "Flipper" set is a casual one. All the crew dress in swimming trunks and a large part of Luke's wardrobe is made up of cut off levis. While filming the speedboat scenes, Luke and his younger brother in the series keep in contact with the director via walkie-talkie outfit. During his time on the "Flipper" set, Luke has learned to operate all the boats and sea craft needed during the show and is an expert skin diver.

During his off hours, Luke enjoys the home he shares with his parents in Miami. He also loves his blue Ford cobra, which he has recently bought.

Not many people have the opportunity to combine their hobbies with their jobs, but Luke has matched his love of the water with his love for acting. Perhaps this is why he is such an outstanding personality.

Now it can

MARRIED

Why Do They Hide

By Derek Taylor

What have Paul Revere, Ringo Starr, Brian Wilson, Carl Wilson, Chad Stuart, Dennis Wilson, Charlie Watts, Bill Wyman, Paul Jones, Mike Love, Al Jardine, George Harrison, John Lennon, Bob Dylan, John Walker, and John Sebastian in common?

They are all married.

Many of them are fathers; some of them are about to become fathers.

They are, therefore, hardly "little" boys.

But the curious thing is that several of the people listed above denied they were married, concealed their wives and posed as eligible bachelors free as air and twice as fresh.

They did this—in other spheres than showbusiness, unforgivable — not done out of disrespect to their wives, not because they were ashamed not because of a desire for privacy.

They did it to keep many fans, happy.

And I hope those fans appreciate it. For if they don't, then a lot of white-lying, a great deal of panic and some heartache will have been experienced in vain.

The most dramatic pop-marriage announcement of the year happened when a journalist revealed that five, yes FIVE, of the Beach boys were married.

Only **Bruce Johnston** was single, shocked fans learned.

Yet until recently, the myth that **Al Jardine** was the only married **Beach Boy,** had been widely believed and gratefully—one hoped—accepted.

The only crack in the BB wedlock-facade came when Tiger Beat revealed that **Annie Hinsche**—sister of **Billy**—was at 16, **Mrs. Carl Wilson.**

The first "confession" came after discussions about the group's 'image,' the 'effect' of the marriage announcement on fans, and the 'rights' of married people led **Carl** to the conclusion that it was only mature and sensible to declare that he was married to the girl he loved.

Then, suddenly, the full truth was laid bare and five **Beach Boys** were exposed as settled, married men. **Mike Love** had been married for nine months to **Suzanne; Brian,** eldest of the **Wilsons,** had been wed for nearly two years, to **Marilyn;** brother **Dennis** had recently celebrated the first anniversary of his marriage to **Carol** who had a handsome little son, **Scottie,** 4, from a previous marriage.

Al, of course, had been known to be **Linda's** husband for two years and almost all the wives had been featured in photographic layouts for a **Beach Boy** album.

BEACH BOY Carl Wilson married Annie Hinsche on February 3, 1966 in Los Angeles.

be told!

IDOLS

Their Wives?

RUMORS FLY thick and fast about supposedly married idols. Bruce Johnston, the only single Beach Boy, is often accused of being secretly married. Mick spends a great deal of time denying to people that he and Chrissie Shrimpton are married and just recently, Mark Lindsay had to announce over television that he definitely is single and plans to remain so. If these three interest you, there's still a chance.

Brian Wilson, composer, record producer, leader founder (who no longer tours) said of the revelations: "I'm glad everyone knows. It was time."

So there it was. How was it for you?

I was glad for it meant an end to the issue-skirting replies to reporters and fans the questions of marriage. Replies like: "Oh . . . **Al's** the married one." Or "Have you a match?" Or "Are **you** married?"

Mostly, performers are able to dodge the complete lie. But now and again one is forced into an ultimate corner and he says: "No. I'm single."

I think it's very sad because it involves two rejections. 1. The denial of one wife; and 2. disbelief in the intelligence of young people.

I think it's based on wrong premises in that (a) it suggests that fans either consciously, un-or-subconsciously desire to marry their pop idol (b) it suggests that even if fans did wish for marriage, then to deny them marriage would mean to lose their friendship, (c) it suggests that sex is the chief ingredient in pop-worship.

If all of these suggestions were based on something solid, then I think we would not have several of the bigger groups, whose appeal is far more musical than anything else; we would not have any of the after death successes of singers like **Buddy Holly, Jim Reeves,** and all the others who have died in the last ten years; we would not, either, have "old men" like **Sinatra, Bennett, Darin, Martin,** and elderly ladies like **Nancy Sinatra, Dusty Springfield** and **Petula Clark** in the charts.

And we most certainly would not have the twosome, who have totally, honestly and profitably, locked themselves in an unbreakable matrimonial image as **Mr. and Mrs. Salvatore Bono.**

I believe fans—forgive the word "fan," which is the only word which serves to cover everything—like performers to be married. I believe that young people accept it as a reasonable development in life, as thankfully, it is. I believe that fans like to be told the truth. I believe that they have a right to the truth.

But I believe that their right ends there. I cannot see that any performer owes his supporters a duty to share his privacy. Nor can I see that a performer need explain if he is having marriage problems.

Show business itself, its marriages, its separations, are difficult enough to tackle without entertainers opening their front doors and windows to poking, peeping, prying eyes, and ears.

The question now is, am I right? Is it safe for a young singer to

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(Continued)

look his yearning, adoring fans in the eyes and admit that he is "not available."

Is it wise for a group to explode its boyish image and declare itself adult and married?

There is evidence that it is safe, wise and better to do so.

Consider the **Beatles.** I remember when the image was four bright-eyed bachelors, just out of college. Then we learned **Lennon** was long-wed and about to become a father.

It was a smaller lie than it would be now, because it was early in their career and it was therefore local-ized.

Brian Epstein decided then, and forever, that as and when the other three **Beatles** married, the event would be promptly announced, ade-quately covered photographically, and then treated with dignity and privacy.

The Beatles themselves wished this to be so and they wished also for small, family-and-close-friends-only affairs. And because they have organization, cunning, flair and luck, they pulled off great coups with the weddings of both **Ringo** and **George.**

Only a dozen people in the world knew of either ceremony until they were over, with the knots quietly, safely tied.

And then the universe was told and it was front-page news in every town in every continent where there are front-pages.

Now? **John, Ringo** and **George** have completed the most marvel-ously adroit separation of public and private lives and I doubt if there is a normal girl in the world who regrets their marriages.

Paul, somehow predictably, re-mains single, though out of reach since he too belongs to one girl: **Jane Asher,** actress, incredibly sweet, determined to prove herself as an individual.

When they are ready they will marry. Meanwhile at press time they are both single. You have my word on it.

But . . . . . there are other famous pop stars who are believed to be single and are not. Many of them have children. Yet, despite the honesty of the **Beatles,** the proven loyalty of fans, the aura of frank-ness in the 1966 pop-scene, the mas-querade of bachelordom continues.

And with it, the age-lies. "Aged 22, single" runs the biographical note against the 25-year-old who has been married three years and who has twins.

"Likes dating small blonde girls," says the album-liner of the guitarist who married a tall raven-haired ac-tress three years ago and hasn't looked at another girl since.

It's all so stupid. Because in the long run, it's talent that matters. And the most glamorous, dramati-cally handsome bachelor-idol will fade away into grim oblivion if he has no talent.

Lennon, short-haired, fatherly, bluntly honest and sometimes stout, will long survive his faintly - en-dowed competitors, no matter how brilliant their image.

It is, I believe, up to each indi-vidual to choose his own course. Within groups, an about-to-be-mar-ried entertainer has, of course, an obligation to discuss the situation with his fellow members. Sometimes it will not seem possible to make a blunt announcement.

Then it will simply slip out in due time like the marriage news of **Stones Watts** and **Wyman,** and everyone will say "Well now, who'd have thought it?" read the details, fold up the magazine, and take up their lives again.

But for myself, the best way by far is to be like the young singer with large spectacles who an-nounced, quietly but clearly to his newly-won fans in America: "I am **Chad Stuart** and this is my wife **Jill.** My musical partner is **Jeremy Clyde.** Now and again **Jeremy** and I may do solo work. Now and again **Jill** and I will sing together.

"But none of this will mean that my marriage partnership is geared to showbusiness, or that my musical partnership with **Jeremy** is endan-gered because he may act or sing alone from time to time."

And despite the premature mourners at the imagined graveside of **Chad's** marriage to **Jill** and of the duo **Chad** and **Jeremy,** the mar-riage is blooming and the duo booming.

So there it is.

What do you think? Why not write your views—, no more than fifty words please—and mail them to me: **Derek Taylor, c/o** Tiger Beat, and mark the envelope POPMARRI-AGES in the lower left hand corner.

And at the end of your views please give a "yes" or "no" to the question: If your idol got married or announced that he was already married, would you stop supporting him?

Many of my secretly married friends would like to know how you feel about it. So would the teen-mag editors who know all about all of these fake bachelors and who are, to their everlasting regret and mis-ery, honor-bound not to expose them.

Dennis Wilson married his wife, Carol, in Los Angeles on July 29th, 1965.

Above, Beach Boy Al Jardine with his wife Linda whom he married at St. Michael's Episcopal Church in El Segundo, California, on February 4th, 1964.

Below, Beach Boy Mike Love with his wife Suzanne whom he married in Las Vegas on October 15, 1965.

WHAT CHER THINKS OF HERSELF

INTELLIGENCE: I think I'm fairly intelligent. I'm no Einstein, but I can do what everyone else can do.

LOOKS: I don't think I'm ugly, but no girl thinks she's ugly. All girls think they're pretty.

SENSE OF HUMOR: Everyone has always told me that I had great sense of humor.

CONCEITED: I don't think I'm too conceited. Like, there's always going to be someone to replace me. I'm not the greatest singer in the world, but I guess that I am a little bit conceited.

EXTRAVAGANT: No, I don't think I'm extravagant. I think Sonny is, but I don't think I am because I'm not used to having money yet. I still look for bargains.

NAME DROPPER: I hope I'm not. I think everyone wants to be associated with famous people and I know a lot of them, but I don't go out of my way to impress people by this. It's really not a bad thing, it just means you're insecure and by mentioning people's names, it makes you feel more important.

GOOD MANNERS: I think I have good manners. I try not to be rude to people. Sometimes it's hard.

GOOD DANCER: Yes. I really love to dance.

GOOD SONGWRITER: I couldn't write a song if I tried. I'm really not interested.

FASHIONABLE: I don't want to be behind, but I don't want to follow it. I just want to make my own fashion. I don't want to lead either because I think girls should wear and dress the way they think they should because that's being an individual. I do what I want to do. I'm not going to wear a sack because Dior or someelse says to.

GOOD SINGER: That's an awful question to ask someone. You have to be truthful. Yes I think I'm a good singer because I like the way my voice sounds.

MODEST: I'm not modest. I think false modesty is stupid. If you think you're something I don't think you should say, "Well, I'm really not."

CHILDREN: I love children.

WHAT SONNY THINKS OF HIMSELF

INTELLIGENCE: I think everybody wants to feel they are intelligent. If they didn't I think they'd be in trouble mentally. The word intelligent—it can be an academic intelligence or it can be common sense. I gauge intelligence by common sense.

HANDSOME: I don't think I'm handsome. I used to feel really bugged by my nose, but I think you can convey your looks through your personality and I don't think anybody looks like me so that's my claim to distinction. My looks don't bother me.

SENSE OF HUMOR: At times I have a good sense of humor and at other times, I'll be very serious, especially when I'm working.

CONCEITED: No, I don't think I'm conceited. You assume a pride when you've done something you're proud of.

EXTRAVAGANT: No, I'm not extravagant, only to a minor degree. A little bit, but we haven't gone crazy as far as buying things.

NAME DROPPER: I don't believe in that. I've been around the business long enough that all of it really means nothing.

GOOD MANNERS: I would say I have good manners. I respect my parents and that is where I think that stems from.

GOOD DANCER: I'm not a good dancer. I don't like to dance. I used to. I don't care about it anymore.

GOOD SONGWRITER: This depends on how you classify good songs. There're a lot of good songwriters that haven't had a hit record since they've been writing. I've been satisfied with a lot of songs. That's the only gauge you can go by is if you're satisfied yourself with your songs.

Bill Richardson

Lee Kiefer

see pg 57 ★ PHOTO BIG

Exclusive!
Here's The First Story Anywhere On Action's Groovy New Group

MEET THE HARD TIMES

When the five boys, Bob, Bill, Lee, Rudy and Paul, first got together in a San Diego garage, they were intent on mastering a unique sound. This they did and soon set out for Hollywood. There they made a deal with the manager of a teenage nightclub on the Strip—they would play for no pay provided they could use the club for rehearsals—and a home!

The "hard times" that followed—sleeping on the floor, the bandstand, the tables and usually going without food—led them to take on their name "The Hard Times."

Before too long they were booked (for pay) into several other L.A. clubs and had developed a strong following. From here they were offered engagements in other cities and their name grew. During one stand at the Whiskey a Go Go, Dick Clark saw their act and was very impressed. Presto. They were the new regulars on "Action."

The Hard Times are serious about their music. "On stage we feel exhilarated, happy, alive. We like to play music for people to hear. Our aim is to make people happy. If they're happy, we're happy!"

They are also straightforward in their approach. What do they consider their basic appeal? Lee says. "We all love people and love being friendly with people. I think this comes across on stage or TV, even if you don't know us."

They all admit the money they are making today is important, but if it wasn't there The Hard Times would still be making happy music. "We were playing long before we were making money at it. We love the music and the money is an ex-

tra-added attraction."

All five now live in a house in the Hollywood hills. They say, "It's the biggest place we've ever lived in. The atmosphere? It's messy. No, it's roomy, homey, groovy. We have a turtle."

"Action" took to The Hard Times and vice versa. Their first day on the set made them many new friends. When they opened at the **Whiskey a Go Go** recently, all the Action Kids turned out to see them.

Dick Clark warned "Hard Times is Coming." **They** came, **we** saw, **they conquered!**

A closer look at each member of The Hard Times reveals:

BOB MORRIS, lead guitarist . . . was born on May 11 in San Diego, California . . . has dark brown hair and eyes, stands 6'1" . . . left college after two years . . . worked for a while as a printer's apprentice.

Bob loves surfing, which he's done for 10 years . . . got a trophy in baseball when he was 13 years old . . . hates "49-way stop lights and 57-change intersections" . . . believes he is always happy . . . but admits he's lazy . . . says his motto is **"ME AND THE HARD TIMES!"**

BILL RICHARDSON, lead guitar . . . was born in Long Beach, California on March 28 . . . is 6'1" tall with light brown hair and blue eyes . . . began guitar lessons at 12 years old . . . formed his own rock group in junior high school . . . is a songwriter, his favorite composition being "There'll Be A Time."

Bill never stops smiling on stage . . . has also surfed for 10 years . . thinks happiness is being with people . . . believes everyone should have an equal chance in life . . . regrets that sometimes he doesn't say exactly what he means . . . says his motto is **"ME AND THE HARD TIMES!"**

LEE KIEFER, harmonica, tamborine and vocals . . . was born in Key West, Florida on June 13 . . . has blond hair, green eyes, stands 5'11' . . . once studied art and hydro-dynamics at Washington State University . . . has worked as a commercial diver (for abalone), an exhibition broiler cook and a surfer.

Lee has traveled a good deal since his father was in the Navy . . . is a jack-of-all-trades . . . dislikes the speed limit laws . . . considers music an endless challenge . . . likes to be kind to people . . . is pleasantly forward . . . says his motto is **"ME AND THE HARD TIMES!"**

RUDY ROMERO, 12-string guitar and lead singer . . . was born on January 25 in San Diego, California . . . has black hair and dark brown eyes, is 5'9" tall . . . has played guitar from the age of 8 . . . enjoys writing ballads.

Rudy considers success a challenge . . . thinks he deserves an award for buying a $50 coat when he didn't have $50 . . . says his interests outside of music are dating and dating and **dating** . . . believes he is a hard-worker . . . says his motto is **"ME AND THE HARD TIMES!"**

PAUL WHEATBREAD, percussionist-drummer . . . was born in San Diego on February 8 . . . has light brown hair and blue eyes . . . stands 5'10" tall . . . prefers to be called percussionist rather than "drummer" . . . has no desire to be a "star," just one-fifth of The Hard Times.

Paul had his own group prior to The Hard Times . . . considers his most admirable virtue to be that he worries and goes deeply into things . . . thinks he deserves an award at times for just being quiet . . . loves fresh water fishing . . . is always nervous . . . says his motto is **"THE HARD TIMES AND I!"**

TiGER BEAT'S motto is **"WE AND THE HARD TIMES!"**

Dennis the Menace Grows Up!

TODAY AT 15 Jay's a handsome and successful actor. He digs football, but also gets kicks from making movies like M-G-M's "Maya." Snake around Jay's neck was used in film.

DID YOU KNOW THAT JAY

Plays the guitar and the drums
Wants to be a professional football player
Digs Paul Revere and the Raiders
Doesn't date yet
Loves Chinese food
Is constantly eating potato chips and grapes
Reads adventure stories
Had to have his hair dyed blond every two weeks when he played Dennis the Menace
Treasures the gifts he receives from fans. His favorite one is a wooden cobra a girl gave him on his last tour for the movie "Maya"
Is very religious and often talks before Youth Groups
Has nightmares in Technicolor
Was born on August 3
Likes to study Astronomy
Is an only child
Gets up every morning at 7 A. M.
Never eats breakfast
Has light red hair
Is 15 years old
Is 5' 8" and weighs 120 pounds
Collects 45 rpm records
Will be on TV next year in the series "Maya"

AT AGE 14, (left) Jay went on tour around the United States. He discovered his fans hadn't forgotten him after all his years as Dennis.

AT 6 MONTHS, Jay was a lively little boy and already performing for the camera. His days as TV's "Dennis" were the happiest any boy could have. The show would probably still be going, except that Jay got too old for the part.

AT AGE 12, (above) Jay was beginning to show his handsome features of today. Photo below is from film "Maya." Jay loved riding the elephant and is looking forward to the TV series.

Embarrassing moments? Ha! I've had mine! I've been in dramatics since high school and my big moment came when I got the lead role in "Bye, Bye Birdie." I played Conrad Birdie. It was a big deal.

I really got into the part. It really took a long time to learn to wiggle like Elvis, because I wasn't used to that stuff. I had really long hair and the town I was playing in, I was in the biggest rock and roll group in town, called the Chancelors. They backed me up on the show, so it was very authentic. The play was really a gas — we had good direction, it was held in a big auditorium and everyone in town turned out.

Opening night was really something. We had rehearsed this thing for months and months and everything had been the same at every rehearsal. One particular set of scenery was the house of these people that I was staying with, the Macaphees. Conrad (me) was supposed to kiss their daughter on the Ed Sullivan Show, if you know how the story goes. The scenery was a two level thing, the floor of the stage was the kitchen and you went up a flight of stairs to the bedroom area. As you got to the top of the stairs to the upper level, they faded out into the wings and stopped. The scenery stopped just three feet past the wings and there was about a seven foot drop to the stage level. We always had a ladder there for anyone who went up to the upper level to practice their lines of dialogue, then when they left to walk to the wings, they just went down the ladder.

All this rehearsal time there was always a ladder there. There was a ladder so you wouldn't fall into s p a c e! Opening night, though, everyone gets a little excited and confused and some props or sets are sometimes forgotten. In one of the scenes I came out with a bathrobe on and my hair all messed up. I was the teen idol you didn't want to see.

The whole scene was funny because I had opened a can of beer, guzzled it down, let it run down my face, let out a big belch and then my line was "wake me up for lunch." So I climbed up the stairs to get to the upper level of the set, still visible to the audience. For 60 days and 60 nights there had been a ladder there, but opening night there was no ladder and I didn't know it. I was over-acting a bit, really getting into the part and I took this step and I tumbled down seven feet!

There was crashing and turmoil and chaos and thunder and you could hear the whole stage shake. I broke a couple of sets; and it turned out to be the highlight of the show. It got the biggest laugh of the night, because everyone knew what had happened. It kind of hung up the show for a while, because

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My Most Embarrassing Moments

By Phil 'Fang' Volk

see pg 57 ★ BONUS BIG PHOTO

everyone was cracking up. It had to be the funniest thing, because no one was expecting it! There were about 2000 people in the audience and they laughed for about five minutes. The next time I came out I got a big applause. It was really funny!

It seems I'm always falling! I'll tell you about the time I fell off stage! I think we were in Ohio and it was a big show, a full house. We were in the process of doing "Big Boy Pete" which is the number where we really "get it on" and swing guitar heads at each other. So I was right at the edge of the stage and the stage was about five feet high. So "Big Boy Pete" started and Drake and I proceded to swing at each other. I was swinging really hard, and just about this time I was really proud of myself that I was getting so close. I was swinging so hard that I spun around and fell off stage, right in the middle of the number! But I never stopped playing, because Paul always told me, "Never stop playing. Keep playing even if you fall down and hurt yourself, just play!"

So I fell off the stage; and the whole first two rows made a dash for me, which made me a little frightened. Paul said the look on my face was amazing—my eyes were like super eyeballs they were so huge. I tried to get back on stage and I was still playing. All the girls had reached me by now and they were ripping up my costume; and it was like "Oh! There goes a button, ouch, an ear!" So I tried to spring back on stage from the natural spring I had. I got about half way—like bent over the stage with my back side to the audience and bass underneath me! Then Hoss grabbed me by the seat of the pants and lifted me bodily back onto the stage. That was funny. I just dangled there and I looked so stupid and un-coordinated!

I can remember another time when I almost fell, but this time it wasn't from the stage. We did the Johnny Carson "Tonight Show" which was probably one of the first completely live things we had done. We were playing live and singing live, just like a concert. We did "Big Boy Pete" and "Oop Poop Pa Do." On "Oop Poop Pa Do" we always get on top of our amplifiers and we stand on top of them. They're five to six feet high and it's very hard to get up on them in the first place.

Anyway, we got up there and this was live television and the top of the amplifiers weren't attached to the speaker boxes and it was very shakey. I got on top of my amp and I played guitar behind my head and all of a sudden my amp started slipping and it felt like I was going to fall! I got really shook up because

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BONUS BIG ★ PHOTO
see pg 57

The Four Kings from London and L'pool came, saw and re-conquered America on their third annual migration to these shores. All doubts — and there were many — that the BEATLES were still monarchs of mod music were dispelled when the total U.S. boxoffice take exceeded previous years, probably because their concerts were held in ball parks and places huge enough to hold all in thrall. Nobody had to be caught ticketless.

Their four-day Hollywood lay-over was not nearly like the mind-blowing madness of other years when their lair resembled a wild-life reservation inhabited by flocks of screechy birds, packs of long-haired tigers and other untame game who came to gabol in the grass, bathe in the pool and quence their thirst at the jolly **Beatle** water-hole.

The boys are still enthusiastic girl-watchers but no longer girl-chasers. It was obvious to friends

DINO LOOKS SERIOUS as he attends a Hollywood dinner to celebrate Regina Groves' marriage to Arthur Loew, Jr. Blonde next to Dino is Peggy Lipton whom you've seen on "The Virginian." At 15, Dino is one of the top dates in town.

IT'S HAPPENING

that **John, George** and **Ringo** were being faithful to their wives and **Paul** to his **Jane.**

None of the four are still motivated by the let's-live-it-up-for-tomorrow-we-may-flop mood. What it is, they've matured. This is not to say they have become four adult clods with dried-up bods and brittle brainpods. The **Beatles** are still grooving with the same old **joi de vivre,** French for glowing aliveness. For the record I've compiled a daily dairy of their H'wood holiday:

WED. AUGUST 24. Arrived from New York before dawn, greeted by a few die-hard fans. Driven to their fancy 12-room house at 7655 Curson Terrace, they sacked in until late afternoon when a Brinks' van sped them to the Capitol Tower for the press conference.

They faced the audience of journalistic eagles, plus many long-haired, shiny-eyed teen girls who had wheedled passes or somehow sneaked in, and answered many questions (some dumb) about money, marriage, manias, miniskirts, movies, music, muscians and miscellanics. **John** shot his cool when a reporter bugged him about the Jesus quote.

"I've answered that about 800 times already," he snapped. "Only the bigots made trouble about it."

That night about 30 party guests were greeted at the garden gate by two of the hosts. **Paul,** meeting newcomers, shook hands and said: "My name is **Paul McCartney** and this is **Ringo Starr.** Please do come in." He escorted them across the bridge which spanned the pool and into the living room.

Among those present we recognized **John, Michelle** and **Cass, Papa's and Mama's, Jim McGuinn** and **David Crosby, Byrds, Bruce Johnson,** the sixth **Beach Boy, Mr.** and **Mrs. Derek Taylor,** Mr. and Mrs. **Bill Medley,** Mr. and Mrs. **Bobby Hatfield. Priscilla** and **Elvis Presley** were invited. They didn't show but their bodyguards came in a pile. A sumptuous buffet supper was served.

"I ate enough to last me a year," groaned **Rodney Bingenheimer,** 19, the always-hungry band boy of the Sunset Strip.

Paul, the perfect host, mixed most. **Ringo** talked with his family on the phone. **George** and **John** sometimes played pool, **Beach Boy** albums played continuously.

Reaching the house wasn't easy. Everyone had to pass through three separate police barricades, each with an invite list. **Chris Hillman** of the **Byrds** had his name on the first roster and was passed through. Somebody had goofed, however, and failed to put his name at the second stop, and he was turned back by guards who weren't listening to anybody about anything.

An L. A. police van ran a day-and-night shuttle service between the Franklin-Curson corner at the bottom of the hill, and Hollywood juve hall, for teenagers waiting for a glimpse of their idols. The kids were held in custody until their parents bailed them out.

A female commando squad vowed to see the **Beatles** regardless of the consequences. Nine started up a side-trail, all but one were nabbed. A girl named **Tracy** crawled through the underbrush, eluded all patrols and penetrated **Beatle** home territory before an officer plucked her out of a tree. Kicking and yelling **Tracy** was being chucked out.

"There's **Jim McGuinn,"** she shouted, pointing at the shaded one. "He'll tell you I belong here."

Jim, who'd never seen her before in his life, mumbled, "Yeah, I've seen her around," which wasn't good enough for the fuzzman.

"There's **Rodney**," she shouted. "He knows me!"

Rod said, "Hey, she's my date. You can't throw her out."

Though he barely knew her, he convinced the man to turn her loose. When **Paul** and **George** heard about it, they were exceptionally sweet to the intrepid commando.

THURS., AUG. 25. Performance in Seattle where a DJ fell for a hoax and announced that **Paul** and **Jane Asher** were being married after the show. A practical joker, we suppose, had phoned a bakery to make a wedding cake, reserved a hotel honeymoon suite, and called the jock with the inside tip.

FRI., AUG. 26. Returned to L. A. in the afternoon, spent night and next day swimming, sunbathing and loafing with intimate friends. First day of quiet since the tour began.

SAT., AUG. 27. More rest and re-

REMEMBER CINDY CAROL who played "Gidget?" Here she is with her new blonde look. She also starred on ABC-TV's "Never Too Young."

NATALIE WOOD continues to be the top young actress in Hollywood. She is also tops on the date list of every bachelor in town.

LANA WOOD, Nat's younger sister, has been married and divorced three times. She stars on TV's Peyton Place.

IN HOLLYWOOD

By Groovy Duke Lewis

laxation during the day. After dark **Paul** and **George** popped in on the **Derek Taylors,** had long talkathon with **Brian Wilson** and **Carl Wilson,** and their wives. **Dave Crosby** ambled in. **Dave** may pick up **George** in London for a quick trip to India to buy new Indian musical instruments and take a few lessons.

SUN., AUG. 28. Concert at Dodger Stadium. Party planned for late night. Post-performance exit foiled. Some smart-alec had let the air out of the armored car tires. By the time the **Beatles** transferred to a limo the exit gates were blocked by a solid mass of fans. They had to make a U-turn on the field, in sight of the assembled multitudes, and return to the Dodgers' dugout where they waited three hours before the police permitted them to depart.

Meanwhile guards wouldn't allow even the invited guests to proceed up Curson until the Beatles reached home. Most of them became disgusted and left, not knowing the hang-up at the stadium.

Three dauntless dolls tried a new sneak on Beatle heaven. Blonde and beauteous **Anne Castle,** 18-year-old model, **Judy Roach,** 18, and a third girl, **Kathy,** last name unrecalled, decided to scale a steep mountain overlooking the house.

"We started at 11 p.m., and were still climbing at 2.30 a.m.," Ann recalled. "Then our troubles began. Going first up a vertical cliff, Judy and I started a rockslide which hurt Kathy badly and left her hanging to a small bush with no toehold in the crumbling dirt. She couldn't move up, down or sidewise, and was crying for help. We yelled to hold on as long as she could and we'd get help as fast as possible.

"Near the top we came to a firebreak road and found a friendly security guard who put out an S.O.S. A fire truck with cranes, ropes, ladders and climbing gear finally came. One of the firemen risked his neck to save Kathy. The mountain, they later told us, was infested with rattlesnakes. After this horrible experience, our worst disappointment was not getting to meet the Beatles."

MON., AUG. 29. Flight to San Francisco. Concert at cold and windy Candlestick Ball Park. Then the long hop home.

Sonny Bono will duet with **Cher** now and then but will record no more singles as a solo singer, he says. His heart is in song-writing, management, disk and pix production which challenge his imagination and creative gifts. He doesn't want his wagon to stall in a singing rut. You can go only so far as a songman, Sonny says, then progress stops and you repeat yourself.

Cher changes are due, too. Fed up with humiliating rejections and ejections from hotels, dining rooms, cafes and clubs because of her wild mod clothes, Cher decided she had had it. If you can't fight 'em, join 'em.

During a recent S/C Europe junket, she succumbed to an urge to splurge on a complete new wardrobe from the high fashion salons on the Rue de la Paix in Gay Paree. In London she also blew a wad of wampum on Carnaby clads.

Speaking of clothes, long-haired lovely **Jenny Holland** of Woodbridge, Conn., offers a spice of advice: "Wear your miniskirt and rule the world of males!"

One day, feeling low, she put on her miniskirt and went for a quick trip to New York. She writes happily: "I made a million friends. A long-haired boy at the airport put his arms around me and complimented me very sweetly. He and his band, the **Shadows of Knight,** adopted me for the day and evening. They are wonderful boys, terribly talented, perfect gentlemen. Their **Gloria** was No. 1 on the charts for five weeks. I never had such a wonderful time in my life. And to think, I owe it all to a skirt!"

Speaking of miniskirts, one reporter quoted a news commentator as saying American girls don't wear miniskirts as much as English birds because their legs are ugly. Is that true? the reporter asked.

Ringo replied, "If they don't wear miniskirts, how can he tell their legs are oogly?"

Nobody was more amazed than **John Davidson** when he came on crash with the teen tribes. Clean-cut, but not crew-cut, John is no shouter-musician belting out wild beatsongs. He hoped he'd hit with the junior adults, 20 or over, and his popularity with the youngsters was more than he dreamed.

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TWO SECRET HOURS WITH THE BEATLES

GUARD JIM CHRIST WITH GEORGE

As revealed by Jim Christ and Jack Moses, two young men selected to guard the fab four on their last visit to Hollywood.

Jack relates, "When we first saw the **Beatles** they were eating dinner at their house. There were very few people there—**Tony Barrow, David Crosby** and the **Beatles'** road managers. After about a half an hour I left in the armored car **without** the Beatles.

"We were followed by a limousine full of security men and people from the house. As we drove out almost all the kids followed us. They were screaming, honking their horns, making wild turns and almost getting in accidents at every corner!

"When we turned onto the freeway the limousine stopped so none of the cars could enter. About seven cars found us, and when we reached our designated spot, which was about two miles from the stadium, where the **Beatles** were to perform, I opened the door to the armored car and showed the kids that the **Beatles** weren't inside. They got really angry! A lot of the girls started crying. They yelled 'How could you do this to us?!' Then they left. Within eight minutes the **Beatles** pulled up in a beat-up Chevy van and jumped into the armored truck."

Jim, meanwhile, was at the house, waiting for **J, P, G,** and **R** to leave in the van. He said, "While I was waiting, **John Lennon** came out and he had a little rubber ball and was bouncing it against the wall while he talked to **David Crosby.** Then they got into the van with their road managers and I rode ahead of them in the limousine."

The van rendezvoused with the armored truck in the parking lot and Jack and Jim helped the four

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BONUS BIG ★ PHOTO
see pg 57

JACK MOSES WITH THE BEATLES

(Continued)

into the truck. Jack continued the story:

"There were no chairs, so they just sat on the floor. As we approached the stadium they got really bugged because as we passed through the barriers, girls were getting through. **George** said, 'That's right, let 'em through. Don't hold that one back, let 'em get us and rip us apart!' Finally we made it to the back of the stadium where it was secluded and they went into their dressing room.

"The first thing they did was pick up regular guitars **(Paul, George** and **John)** and they each went to different corners of the room and played to themselves. Then they picked up the instruments they were going to use on stage, plugged them into small amps and began to play through the songs they were going to do in the show."

Jim interrupted, "It sounded fantastic! They were just working out, it was groovy! The whole time **Ringo** just sat in the one corner not saying a word. And what was really odd was that he only had **one** ring on!"

"After they were dressed," Jack continued, "we led them to the tunnel where they would enter. On stage they were introducing the radio station disc jockeys and **John** would say 'Here's the guy who made it all possible, Rodney J. Feathersmith,' or 'And in the six to nine spot, Henry B. Swindlehoff!'

"Finally he got disgusted because it was taking so long and he said "Well, I'm going on!' and he started to walk out onto the field. **Paul** and **George** promptly pulled him back. Then the dj's shouted 'And here they are—the **Beatles!**' and **John** began to sit down. It was hilarious! Then **Ringo** and **George** picked him up and we ran out on the field behind them.

At the Concert

"The stadium scene was typical—absolute pandemonium. The **Beatles** dressed in green sharkskin bell-bottomed suits with velvet lapels. The coats were six-button, double-breasted jackets over shirts of white with green printed flowers. **John** and **Paul** wore boots, **Ringo** and **George** wore loafers. There was so much security that even the three or four

(Continued on page 44)

(Continued)
girls that made it onto the field never got within two hundred feet. I can't describe how exciting it was to be standing just four feet from them as they performed!"

Planned procedure noted that the **Beatles** were to exit through the center field gate. Inevitably there was a mix-up and as the Beatles rushed off stage and into the limousines and proceeded out of the stadium, the gates opened and hundreds of girls surged toward the car!

Jack said, "We were told to run along side the cars, which we did. When they opened the gates, the cars couldn't get out because a bus and two cars were blocking the way. Then about 1,000 kids swarmed in and all around the car!"

"Girls were actually laying down in front of the car!" Jim exclaimed. "They were tearing the car apart and we had to grab them and pull them off. The **Beatles** really looked scared! And the car couldn't even back up because the second limousine was right behind it!

"Finally the other limousine backed up and they closed the gates. The driver sped back to the third-base dugout. We were running beside the car all this time! When they pulled back into the stadium **Paul** and **George** waved white towels out the window. The crowd went completely crazy!"

The Long Wait

The Beatles rushed down to the dressing rooms and prepared for a wait. Jack explained, "The Beatles just sat down and began opening Pepsi's. They handed each of us one before they had one. Everytime they'd have a cigarette, they'd offer us one, light ours and **then** theirs! They were really friendly!

"**John, Paul** and **George** were sitting next to each other and we sat in front of them on a bench. **Ringo** was sitting on the other side of the room, all alone. For about 45 minutes he didn't say a word."

Jim went on, "Before long, the conversation drifted to devious plots to help the Beatles escape. Everyone kept repeating the idea that a helicopter would have been the smart thing, but George wanted to leave in the armored car and just have it slowly force its way through the crowd. This, however, was impossible since the crowd outside was bigger now **and** because someone had let all the air out of the truck's four tires and with the driver inside!"

"We were alone with them for about an hour and 45 minutes" Jack said, "because their road managers were busy on the phones to the police trying to figure out how to get the Beatles out. The entire time they were talkative and asked us lots of questions. Someone had told them that Los Angels Police Chief Parker had died recently and they asked us how a new police chief was chosen and all about how the municipal government works.

"**John** and **Paul** were asking us what it was like to work at **Disneyland.** 'How are the birds out there?' John asked me. 'Chicks, ya know.' I told him there were some really cute girls.

"I asked **Paul** if he'd been to **Disneyland** since there was a rumor that he had visited there in a disguise. He said not, but that he wished he had! They all seemed disappointed that they didn't get out more. They were extremely disgusted with the radio station that broadcasted the address where they were staying. I mean, their 'neighbors' were watching the house with telescopes!

"John went to one corner of the room and I went over to talk with him. I'd read and loved his first two books and I asked him if he was working on the third. He said he did every now and then, but mostly when he was alone at home. He said when he didn't have anything else to do he would go and write .

Dating In America

"He asked me about what it was like to date in high school in America. He said he thought we were lucky because we didn't have to wear all kinds of coats and sweaters. He said when he used to date he couldn't get close to a girl because he had so many coats on!"

Jim remembered, "George was fairly quiet. After sitting calmly for several minutes, he broke the silence as he yelled out jokingly, 'You know, it's all Epstein's fault! It's because he's not here tonight. He's out nightclubbing! He always misses the good ones.'

"After an hour and 45 minutes someone came down and told us arrangements had been made for their get-away. The guards around the stadium had passed a rumor that a girl had fainted. An ambulance pulled in down by the first aid station and the **Beatles** layed on the floor and the ambulance left without lights or sirens.

"Before they left they all said 'good-bye and thanks.' Jack gave John his name tag from his uniform and John ran over to Ringo and said 'Look at this, **Ringo!** You can bet I'll wear this, thanks!' "

Jack summed up the exciting evening and probably expressed the feeling that others close to the Beatles share:

"We just talked to them like regular guys. They weren't sarcastic or flippant. They were really nice. While it was going on it was all very natural. But after we left, I think both of us were in a daze."

THE Rolls

Talk About Themselves

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: BRUCE, JOEY, DEE, & CRAIG

DEE

Talk about myself? Okay. I think my best trait and my worst trait are one and the same. I'm never satisfied with what I do. I think this is good in the sense that I'm always striving, but on the other hand, it's bad sometimes because you get to a point where you should leave a good thing alone.

Misery for me is not being able to do something about a particular situation. In other words, if there are circumstances involving my career that involve changing in one way or another and I am not able to do anything tangible to effect it, that's misery.

If I had to choose one place to live, I think I'd want to stay here in California. We're from Florida and up until we had a chance to live out here we thought it was the greatest place. But when you come out here you find it's much neater than Florida.

There's only one thing I really fear and that is if something would happen that we would be out of touch or completely lost in entertainment. Being in the wrong groove and not being able to switch would be a frightening thing.

If I had the opportunity to talk to anyone in the world that I wanted, I think I'd like to talk to Bob Dylan. If we could sit down right now and talk seriously, without having to put on, he'd be the man I'd want to talk to. I'd love to discuss his and my philosophies, because I have the sneaking suspicion that they're a lot alike.

When I was very young, I really dug girls. Then I became a cowboy and all I cared about was my horse. I think all little boys go through a stage where they "hate" girls. Then in the eighth grade I began to love 'em and I've never stopped!

JOEY

I'm a happy-go-lucky person, my miseries are slight. I'm very agreeable; I take things very easily. I never let things get me down. The only thing that can make me miserable is being in a place I don't like. Being stuck in the wrong city at the wrong time and certain places makes me uncomfortable. As long as I'm happy with my surroundings, then I'm okay.

I daydream about someday living on an island we have. When I've made my mark, I'm going to go back to this island and set up my own little world. I won't live like a hermit, there will be people, but I just want to live on this island, because it's got a little inlet and a natural pool and it's a great place.

If I was to be given an award, I think I deserve an award for managing all these years to live surrounded by guys who are completely insane and throughout the whole thing I've kept my balance. I'm a normal guy, but I'm afraid these three are just on the edge.

If I could be a kid again for one day, you probably wouldn't notice a big difference, because I do everything now I did as a kid. When I was young, Bruce and I use to sail and I dig sailing. We went sailing on a little lake by our house and I really enjoyed it. It's the most relaxing thing I've ever done.

One of the most crazy-fun times I had was when Dee came home with a bashed-in convertible car. He had to go away for four days, and it was only a second car, so for some reason I took a sledge hammer and I beat on it a little. Then, every day I'd go out after breakfast and beat on his car. I ended up demolishing it, but I removed all my animosities and had great fun!

CRAIG

I like to be happy, though I enjoy deep thinking on occasion. Misery to me is being with a group of people where there is definitely a lack of feeling of love. I dislike people who are insensitive.

If I had to choose a physical place to live, I'd pick California. Los Angeles and Beverly Hills are great. The one thing that is bad is that all four of us don't enjoy being away from our families. It would be the greatest if we could get the two together. Since I dig the surroundings out here, I'd like to move our parents and family out here.

If you ask me about my best trait, I would say it was being aware. Sometimes, rather than sitting up and saying something in a discussion, I like to sit back and take in everything that's being said. I like to take everything in I can—people, life, everything.

Do I deserve an award for anything? Yes. For having fortitude in order to constantly, 24 hours a day, having to ward off three brothers who like to beat up their cousin. It's a gas, really, it's fun. But three against one, what can I say? I need troops, I need help. If anyone out there can hear me. . . .

My favorite flower is the tulip. Though they're not the most extravagant flower, they're the first flower to bloom. Everything is cold and dark and the winter will just be leaving and all of a sudden the earth will open up and there will be a tulip. Tulips mean spring to me.

If I had the chance to go back in time and be a kid for one day, I wouldn't want to pick out one special day. That's the beauty of being a kid. Like if I was thrown back and I was six years old, I wouldn't want it to be a special day, just any old day. Any day in the eyes of a kid is great. I'd love to see what goes on in the mind of a 6-year-old.

BRUCE

If you asked me what I thought my best trait was, I would have to say it's that I never plan things. I don't like to do planned things, I never plan what I'm going to do tomorrow. I love doing things on impulse—just when the mood hits me.

Another "admirable" virtue of mine is my cooking. I don't have a "best" dish, because they're all the same. Everything I make turns out to be stew, but I always give it a different name.

When someone mentions faults, I'm afraid I can't limit mine to just one. I have two faults. My most serious fault is that I'm over confident; and the other is I buy the first thing I see that I like. I may be walking along and see some lawn furniture I like or a wrist watch and if I have the money, I buy it.

If I could talk to anyone in the whole world, I'd like to talk to a train robber. Train robbing is such a great thing. If we hadn't have been a band, we'd have probably been train robbers. We walk down the street and people say "What are you guys?" We say, "We're a band." But if it was 150 years ago, we couldn't say that, we'd say "We're train robbers." It would be great!

Other points of interest (?) about me are that my favorite word is "Wow!" . . . I used to race sailboats with Joey and loved it . . . there is no one place I'd like to live right now . . . if something breaks on stage it ruins my life . . . my motto is "Pray For Surf," because I love surfing.

Little Bits 'Bout Me Plus Me

by 'ERMAN

lates.. the HERMITS!

When I was little I just had one friend. And in school it was that way, too. Now I've got lots of friends and this is important to me.

My parents used to always go away together and my sister used to go with them, but I'd just go off with my friends. After I was about ten, this would happen all the time, but I was able to look after myself. They were strict in certain things and very lenient in others. They let me go wherever I wanted.

When I was about seven someone gave me a toy that I called Mobo Bronkey. It was a horse with things that you push down and when you push down a thing pushes the wheels around like a piston in the engine. This horse was the scourge of the neighborhood but I'll always love it.

I used to like the Ink Spots as a group. I've got all their old albums. From the time I was able to read I read everything about music in all the magazines.

I think traveling has helped me more than anything. I've gotten to see so many things that other kids my age haven't. I wish that everyone could travel like I've done.

Fashion really doesn't bother me much. I choose clothes that will suit me. It doesn't matter if they're in fashion.

I don't think I can sing like Eric Burdon or John Lennon or Paul McCartney, but I think I'm a good lead singer for Herman's Hermits.

One thing bad about me is that I'm too extravagant. I just can't help myself spending money. I can never buy one of anything. I've got to buy a few.

I'm definitely the marriageable type. I want to get married because I love children more than anything else. I want to have a lot. One thing though about going with girls, I'm pretty jealous. This is because I'm a Scorpio and Scorpio people are always jealous. I do a lot of daydreaming.

My big wish for the future is that there be a law established that says everyone should be happy all the time.

Now about me mates, the Hermits.

First, let me say that all the good things you've heard about them are true and each of them has a special place in my heart. If I were to pick out the things I liked best about each here's what I'd tell you:

KARL: Wherever he is there are girls. Girls just seem to flock around him. And this is great for me because there're always a few extra ones for him to introduce me to.

KEITH: I don't know what I'd do without Keith to talk to. We discuss everything and together have a great time.

BARRY: Barry's always so calm that everything seems to be better when he's around. He's also the smoothest one in our group.

LEK: He's so intelligent he can figure anything out. You can ask Lek any question and he always seems to have an answer.

DREAMS

see pg 57
BONUS ★ BIG PHOTO

DINO

I really don't dream that much, but when I do, my dreams are out-a-sight! I often have a dream about flying a helicopter. I can never get it above 75 feet, though. I do great under 75 feet, but if I go higher, something terrible happens. I have a friend with me, but he's no help. We always take off from my back yard and we go flying around, but we never get where we had planned to go.

I'm always flying in my dreams. I once dreamed I was flying a jet. I landed in a field and there was nothing I could do. There we were, the jet and myself and I got out and looked around. It was like an open field and off in the distance were thick bushes, but there was no one and nothing around. So I got back in and flew away.

Then, I have this dream about having an out-a-sight ship where it does everything. It's a flying saucer type thing. You get in the little flying saucer and you fly around and you can land anywhere. You can land and look out. I have a space gun that goes "zap" and it makes people disappear. Power is what I'm trying to say. I have power.

I once dreamed about going off a cliff on my motorcycle. You know, when you fall you wake up, but while I was falling, I was saying "Out-a-sight!" — it was like a free-fall from a plane. I was conscious of what was happening.

I never dream about being on stage, but I get a lot of ideas while I'm sleeping about what might be good on stage and what might not. I don't dream about performing, itself. I don't sleepwalk or talk in my sleep either.

All the girls that are in my dreams are girls I know. There's no mystery woman that I dream about. The girl I like at a particular time I might dream about, but I might not.

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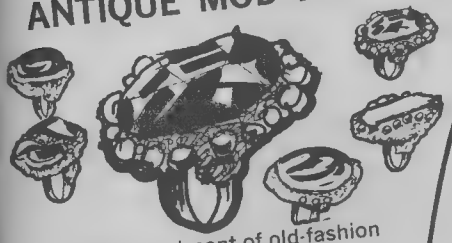

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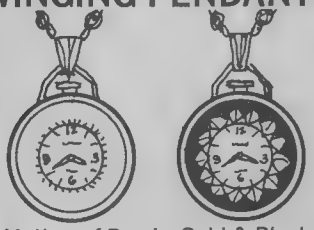

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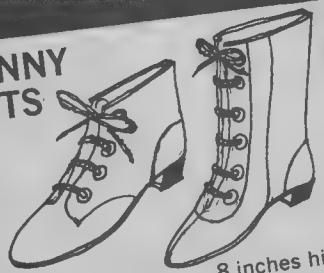

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DREAMS

BILLY

My dreams aren't so spectacular, they usually involve things that are familiar to me. Sometimes if I have been studying for a long time for a test and it's coming up the next day, I'll have a dream about taking the test at school.

Also, if there has been something that I've been looking forward to for a long time, something I've been wanting to do and it's going to happen the next day, the night before I'll usually dream about it.

The most frightening dreams I ever had were when I was about seven years old. I would go to scary movies and I'd be petrified while I was watching them. I'd pretend I wasn't scared, because only "little kids" got scared at horror movies. I was especially afraid of the Wolfman and Dracula! When I'd go to bed the night I had seen these movies, I would look all around my room and under my bed before going to sleep to check for Wolfmen. Then, I'd always have scary dreams about the characters.

A couple of months ago I had a dream come true. I had dreamed that I went down to the beach with some of my friends and we were driving along and I saw this one spot where all these people were gathered. I didn't know any of them. Then just a few days ago I went to the beach with Carl and Annie and some of my friends and as we were driving along I saw this place! It was exactly as I had seen it in my dreams! It was fantastic.

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THE BLOOMING SWITCHED ON BRITISH SCENE

British Pop is undergoing a big change. It's not that the English influence in the music world is completely dwindling . . . but certainly it is changing. Though the Rolling Stones and the Beatles still dominate the recording industry, both here and in America, their sales are not what they once were. More American artists are hitting the charts in England and it seems as though fewer English stars are making a great success in America.

Have no fear that the British boom is entirely over. This period now is the calm before a new storm and when it hits, England once again will be the power to be reckoned with when it comes to setting musical trends.

Brian Jones is just getting back into action after letting his broken left hand heal. **Mick Jagger** had an accident in his Aston Martin with **Chrissie Shrimpton** in the car. **Chrissie** was shaken up but unhurt. The damages cost **Mick** quite a lot of money. **Charlie** and **Shirley Watts** went off to Greece for a holiday and **Andrew Oldham** vacationed in Tangier.

Eric Burdon, after getting unhitched with the Animals, is planning a private hitching of his own. Whoever the girl might be, she's a lucky lass. **Eric's** a wonderful person.

The Walker Brothers continue to be the most important act in Britain. **Scott Engel's** personal magnetism and talent is an important plus factor in this group's success. The boys continue to insist that they will be taking out papers to become British citizens soon. Scott is attempting to become less tense and nervous. We hope for his sake that all is well in this young man's life.

Sonny and Cher completely knocked us out over here on their recent tour. Not only have **Sonny and Cher** become greater performers, they have also become finer people. Success has not changed them a bit. They probably will go on forever.

Gordon Waller has been growing a moustache, but he recently shaved it off due to the complaints of various friends. **Peter Asher's** sister **Jane** continues to mystify fans as to whether or not she'll tie the not with **Paul. Paul** says definitely yes, but Jane seems doubtful.

Bass guitarist **Pete Quaife** is out of the **Kinks. Pete** wants to settle down and get married. We'll miss him. He's reported to be marrying a Danish girl, **Annette Paustian.**

Herman's popularity in America seems to be dwindling. If this is true he may strike out on his own as an actor. And a good one he is, too.

The Mindbenders just back from an American tour stated that they enjoyed themselves greatly but felt American teenagers depend too much on their parents. "Here in England," say the **Mindbenders,** 'teenagers have a mind and a life of their own but American parents all want to appear hippy and with-it!"

Paul Jones, after leaving the **Manfred Mann Group,** is enjoying being the movie star. He's just finished playing a rock and roll idol in the film, "Privilege." Though he loved most of his acting work, **Paul** says he wants to get back on stage in front of a live audience. "There's nothing quite like it," he smiles.

Dusty Springfield confessed that she was a little afraid of her opening at America's Basin Street. "Even though everyone has always been good to me in America, I still feel strange singing in a place where such great stars have gone before me."

Those usual rumour mongers who keep saying the **Beatles** are slipping might as well forget it. **John, Paul, Ringo, and George** are still every bit as popular here in Britain as they have ever been. Their international success also continues to grow. The reason for the movie delay is exactly what you've been hearing: No good script yet. And besides, the **Beatles** do need some time to be with their lovely wives and **John** got a great bang out of working six weeks in his solo film.

(Continued on page 64)

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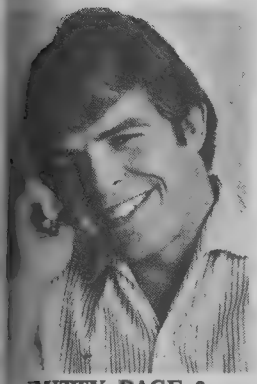

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JUNE 1966

In this issue: Hundreds of photos of Herman, Stones, Mamas and Papas, Sonny & Cher, and Paul Revere's Raiders. For the first time TiGer BEAT's cameras take you behind the scenes to your faves' homes and reveal all the latest news from England about DC5, Beatles, and Paul & Barry Ryan.

JULY 1966

LLOYD THAXTON'S
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ENTIRELY EDITED IN ACTION-PACKED ENGLAND! 20 BIG PAGES STORIES OF FAVES, NEW PICS, PEN PALS
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BURT WARD: EXCLUSIVE AT HOME PIX
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APRIL 1966

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24 VERY PRIVATE HOURS WITH THE DC5
IT'S STARTLING
PAUL McCARTNEY
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BEHIND THE CLOSED DOORS OF HOLLYWOOD'S TEEN CLUBS

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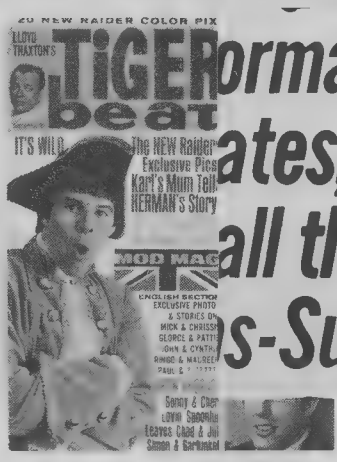
AUGUST 1966

IN THIS ISSUE gorgeous photos of D, D & B, Dave Clark Five, Herman's Hermits, Revere's Raiders, plus giant full color shot of Mark Lindsay. Cher reveals her new look and the Beach Boys talk about what they're really like. From England the Stones and the Beatles new pics.



SEPTEMBER 1966

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TIGER beat
EXCLUSIVE! REVERE'S RAIDERS' ALL NEW PHOTOS!
SCOOP! BEACH BOY WEDDING
MOD MAG Section
Intimate Visit With The Rolling Stones

OCTOBER 1966

IN THIS ISSUE, the greatest color pix ever of all your faves including Revere's Raiders, D, D & B, Herman's Hermits, Sonny & Cher, Dave Clark Five, Beatles, Monkees, & Robbs. Huge stories that tell all on the Raiders, Herman, Beatles, Stones, Sonny & Cher, and big exciting story on the Monkees.

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Chrissie Shrimpton: Mick & I Visit John, Cyn, George, & Patti
24 Very Private Hours With DINO, D. & B!
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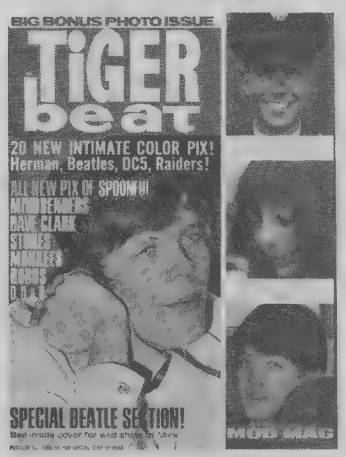
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PHIL VOLK

(Continued from page 37)

I thought it was really over for me. I mean, here I am on top of my amplifier on live TV, and I'm going to fall off and it's really going to look great!

Fortunately I didn't fall, but instead I had colossal balance that night. The amplifier top began teetering. I had to bend my legs and teeter-totter until the song was over. As soon as the curtains closed the amp top fell and I jumped off. It was very scary. When I saw it on TV I saw myself go through all this teetering and I couldn't believe I had really done it!

I'd say "Big Boy Pete" has led to a lot of embarrassment for me. I have probably split my pants on "Big Boy Pete" at least a hundred times. We used to wear black pants and you could really tell in those. One night I was wearing red-checkered underwear, really wild, pop art design. And on "Big Boy Pete" my pants split. At the end of the number I whispered into Paul's ear, "Paul, my pants split." He started laughing out loud on the microphone "Ha, ha, Fang's pants ripped." Everyone was laughing.

So he took me and put me on top of an amplifier and stood me with my back to the audience and bent me over. He spread my coat apart and lapped it over my back and took my pants and ripped 'em open even further! Right in front of the audience! The kids thought it was part of the show, because I was wearing this stupid underwear!

I can remember the second show I ever played with the group. The night before I'd played the first show with them. This show was in Portland, Oregon, which was the big town for the Raiders. It was **their** town. I was the new guy that everybody hated, because they had liked the other guy. So I had to get into the groove and start making it with the kids and smiling and laughing. We had to play a real long show that night and I was really nervous, but I was smiling the whole time.

I guess all the guys thought I did a good job, because right at the end on "Oop Poop Pa Do" (our last song) they said, "Well, Phil, you did all right." The guys were patting me on the back. About this time Mark said, "I think it's appropriate in our home town to baptise Phil as an official Raider." Just about this time he takes a jug full of water and pours it over my head. I was soaking wet and it was hilarious. I wasn't expecting it. Right on stage! So I was an official Raider (with a very red face)!

I just remembered another one. We were playing a college show and it was a full house. When we do college shows we put on a little extra comedy. This night we decided we'd have a birthday party for Smitty. It wasn't his birthday, but we thought we'd have a party for him just the same. We got a cake and just before the last number the road man came out with it.

We said, "We have a very important occassion tonight, as it's Smitty's birthday." We called him down from his drums. So he came right down in front and we were standing around him. The whole crowd was singing "Happy Birthday" and really believing it. Just then Paul took the cake and just as he was to present it to Smitty, all of us took the cake and shoved it into Smitty's face! You know, a real Soupy Sales trick.

Well, he got the cake in the face, but it didn't stop there. Pretty soon the whole cast of performers was on stage and we were having a cake fight. For some reason there was more cake showing up. I think someone brought a couple of extra ones back stage. It was really a massacre. There were about 30 people on stage, then part of the audience got some cake and they began throwing it and it was a real chaos! There was cake flying everywhere.

Finally we cooled it. People had cake in their eyes and their hair and I could hardly play my bass because I was covered with cake. The whole stage was smeared with icing. We started to go into our last song, "Oop Poop Pa Do" and it was really a mess. I couldn't keep my footing. It was like being on ice skates for the first time.

We do this step where we run forward and backward; and as I started running backward I started slipping and I fell right on my back side! And I kept doing this! It was getting a lot of laughs, but it was really hurting me. After we finished the show we got a standing ovation. It was the greatest!

HAPPENING IN HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 39)

Kim Novak, hyped on music, has been commissioned to write the lyrics for a folksong album with music by guitarist **Al Schackney.** Three Novak songs have been recorded by Henry Belafonte to date.

For his next album, **Burdon** plans to use **Clara Ward's** gospel songgroup backed by a large studio work. Eric's musical tastes run the gamut from aye to zee. You couldn't find a more contrasting batch of artists than those he named as his favorites: **Beatles, Yardbirds, Otis Redding, Ray Charles, Lovin' Spoonful** and **Frank Zappa's Mothers Of Invention** — the wildest, hairiest, smelliest (if not swellest) bunch of musical maniacs outside a funny farm.

The American concert trail often spells slow death to English minstrels, viz, **Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas, Gerry and the Pacemakers, Freddie and the Dreamers, Strangeloves,** et al. Not so the **Hollies, Yardbirds, Stones, Hermits, DC5, Liverpool 5** and a few U. K. lads who grow greater with each new U. S. tour.

RAIDER HISTORY

(Continued from page 15)

the group, but I wasn't the star. I mean, Mark was the lead singer. It didn't seem right that it should be my name. He said, "No man, that's the answer, it's got to be Paul Revere and the somethings—how about Paul Revere and the Nightriders." I said, "No, that sounds like cowboys!" And he said, "What about the Raiders?" That sounded like tough guys. I was groovy!

By now when we appeared on stage we were wearing white shirts, red velvet vests, black pants. Shortly afterward I bought some black shirts and we wore them with the red velvet vests and blank pants.

About three weeks went by and here came a stack of records. He sent me 50 records in a package By this time we had changed our advertising at home to "formerly The Downbeats, now Paul Revere and the Raiders." As soon as I got the records I took off for Boise. I went down and gave the disc jockeys the new record and they put it on the radio. It was the greatest thing in the world! Nobody in Idaho had a record, nobody, and we had a record! The dj's played it.

My Biggest Thrill

I jumped in my car and drove from one station to the next and the first time I heard the record over the radio it was the biggest thrill of my life! I pulled over to the side of the road and listened and I was grinning from ear to ear. I saw all the people driving by and I thought, "They've probably got their radio on and they're probably listening to my song and little do they know that **here I am!**"

It really tickled me to death. I got so excited, I'd get to the next station and I'd run in (I knew all the jocks) and I'd say, "Here's our new record!" I wanted to be on every radio station, so the next day I drove to places with 10-watt-stations. Most of the stations played Country-Western music, they didn't even play rock and roll. But because it was a local group, they stuck on the rock and roll!

COMING NEXT MONTH: In Part II, Uncle Paul tells you (as only he can) about how the Raiders split for two years . . . how Smitty joined the "new" Raiders . . . and more.

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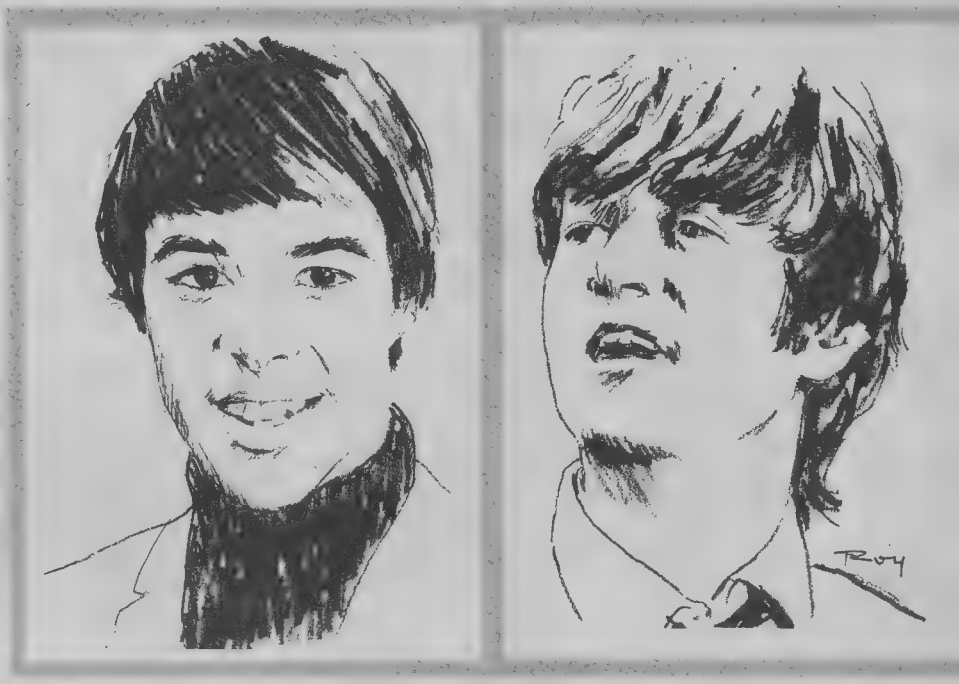

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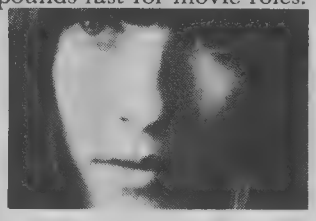

DO YOU WANT THE ENGLISH LOOK? Cilla Black, Marianne Faith ul, Patti Boyd and Dusty Springfield tell all the little tricks that set the English girls apart. **MODELING:** Ten Point Beauty Program of Top Models plus lessons on How to Become a Teen Model! **POPULARITY GUIDE:** A simple, easy-to-follow daily plan that shows you how to overcome shyness, make a boy start looking and keep looking, be more popular with other girls, and put you at ease in every social situation.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

LONDON SCENE

(Continued from page 55)

"Doing outside things," says **John,** "can only help us as a group. I believe doing everything together all the time tends to make for an unimaginative combination."

P. J. Proby is not yet set to return to England, but he's touring Australia and perhaps will be back soon. He has changed his act and now wears cowboy boots, a ten-gallon hat, and even a beard. One thing is for sure, though, **P. J.** will never lose his great voice. We've missed him over here. There never was a dull moment with **P. J.** around.

All of us here were glad that the **Beach Boys** finally announced their respective marriages. Frankly, we never could see why they kept them a secret in the first place. Isn't it about time other American groups who are hiding wives opened up the doors and introduced the girls to their fans. How about it America?

TIGER TALK

(Continued from page 7)

BEATLES, NO!

I don't care what anyone else thinks, but as far as I'm concerned, the Beatles have had it! And if you think songs like "Eleanor Rigby" and "Yellow Submarine" will get anywhere, you'd better go see a psychiatrist!

Beatle Hater
Chicopee, Mass.

BEATLES, YES!

If I hear one more person complain about what the Beatles said about their popularity, I'll go crazy!

You can't ride a public bus without hearing half a dozen people debating or putting the Beatles down. You walk down the street and somebody gives you a handful of info about how teenage minds are being corrupted by these people we idolize. We can't help it, and if we could, I doubt that we would even try!

Pat Matthews
Redmond, Wash.

DINO, DESI & BILLY ARE:

DINO: A doll, gentleman, dreamboat. A wonderful kid. I wish he were really mine!

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BILLY: A nice kid who is quiet and shy.

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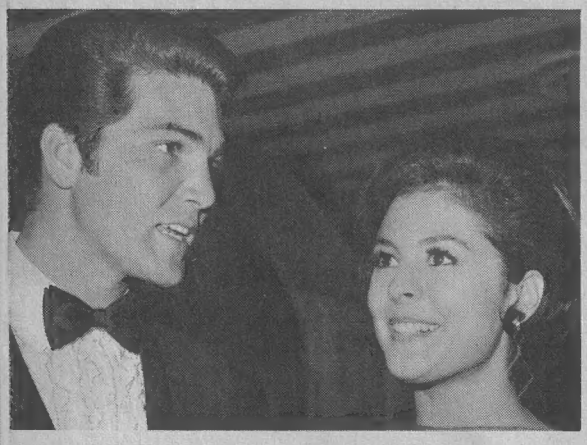
CAN YOU GUESS WHO THESE BEAUTIES ARE? Well, if you said The Stones, then take a bow. From left to right we see Brian Jones, looking like Jean Harlow, Keith Richard, Mick, and Charlie Watts. In front we see Bill Wyman. You've got to hand it to these boys . . . no one else can think of such wild pictorial stunts. Reason for this: Publicity for their newest record: Have You Seen Your Mother Standing in the Shadows?

TROY DONAHUE told me how he keeps his face so tan. He always uses a reflector when he sits in the sun. I'd certainly like to see Troy making more movies. He's one of my faves.



PAUL PETERSEN is getting more handsome each year. It's no wonder that beauties like Brenda Benet like to date him. He's just finished starring in Walt Disney's "The Happiest Millionaire" in color.

THE YARDBIRDS came to Hollywood again and caught everyone's attention. These boys are definitely among the best performers in England. If you ever get a chance to see them in person, try not to miss them.

The never-before-told stories about your favorites from the gal who PERSONALLY knows them all! . . . . . .

by Laudy Powell

MEOW..W!

I made a trek down to Anaheim's Melodyland Theater not long ago to see Chad and Jeremy's "new concept" in entertainment and it was more than worth the drive!

They told me of their plans to unleash something "more than just a duo standing on stage singing a string of hits," and the end result of their planning was sheer delight!

Chad and **Jeremy** not only performed, but served as masters of ceremonies throughout the entire show. **Ian Whitcomb** brought his own combination of comedy and music to the round stage and pleased the nearly sold-out house. **The Buffalo Springfield** filled the bill nicely and got a tremendous reception.

Chad and **Jeremy** reigned over the proceedings, though, accompanied by trombones, trumpets, flutes and violins in an informal yet very polished hour presentation.

Most amusing was their impression of the different ways **"Summer Song"** could be sung—as a Chad and Jeremy hit, as a Las Vegas nightclub tune and as a Fresca commercial, complete with the snowflakes! They also did a hilarious take-off on the teenage tragedy records, their version called "Teenage Cremation."

The combination of warmth, humor and the realization of the duo's real talent certainly substantiated their claim of a "new concept." The nicest thing of all was the young audience showed its appreciation by actually listening, saving their screams and applause for the end of each number.

Thank you, **Chad** and **Jeremy.**

The **Yardbirds** payed a one-day visit to Los Angeles recently and I didn't waste a minute getting to their reception to say "hello."

I was disappointed to find that **Jeff Beck** wasn't there because he had just had his tonsils removed and was recouperating at a Los Angeles hospital. His whereabouts were kept so secret that even the other **Yardbirds** didn't know where he was staying.

This was my first chance to meet the newest Yardbird, **Jimmy Page,** who replaced **Paul Samwell-Smith** as rhythm guitarist. I became so fascinated with **Jimmy's** 75-year-old double-breasted pea jacket that all we talked about was clothes.

"I've really gone mad on Indian clothes, because we don't have anything like them in England," he told me. "I went shopping in Santa Monica earlier today and bought some great beads and moccasins." His gear really was a sight, but I luved it, along with his extra-long, extra-groovy side burns.

Keith Relf and I chatted for a while and he told me that he and his wife were living just outside of London in a beautiful new home. He also mentioned how hard it was going on tour now. Quite so, with such a beautiful wife thousands of miles away.

It was back to the bobcat for **Sonny.** When he and **Cher** arrived in London for their two charity concerts there, he was wearing his old favorite—that famous bobcat vest that's been hanging in the closet for many months.

Cher was sporting gold hoop earrings that almost touched her shoulders and a big grin. "I love England," she said. "Sonny hopes to do some recording here and I'd love to, too!" Also in her "England" wardrobe was an Indian suit like **John Sebastian's.** When Cher saw **John's** picture in **Tiger Beat** she loved his suit so much she had her dressmaker, **Sadie,** copy it in time for the trip to England.

The **Byrds** have been insured for one million dollars with Lloyds of London, the famous insurance company, against their non-return from outer space.

The precaution was taken against the lyrics of "Mr. Spaceman" which is an open invitation to the crews of unidentified flying objects to remove **Jim, David, Chris and Mike** from the earth and it's trials and pressures.

When the group played at the **Whiskey** a **Go Go** several weeks ago, **David Crosby** came down with a very bad sore throat, so for five nights **Gene Clark** filled in on the vocals for the group. One rumor says he's back with the group, another says he's not. When the **Byrds** decide, I'll let you know.

My award for the "Best Dressed Musician" goes to **Jim Guercio, Chad and Jeremy's** groovy bass player. I have yet to see him in the same outfit and all his clothes are the greatest!

The birthday party for **Joey Robb** was quite a scene. The **Robb** "family" combined a photo session, a fan club meeting and **Joe's** birthday party for an insane afternoon at the Robb household in Hollywood.

Joey's favorite birthday present was a huge water pistol with which he terrorized the entire gathering. To top off the afternoon, his relatives—namely **Dee, Craig** and **Bruce** tossed him into the pool! Happy birthday, Joe.

On the **"Last Train to Clarksville,"** a KHJ radio promotional trip for 400 lucky contest winners with the **Monkees, Peter, Davy, Michael** and **Mickey** were so excited they could hardly stand it. While signing autographs, they were more thrilled than the youngsters.

Earlier in the day, the teenagers got their first glimpse of the **Monkees** as they descended into **Clarksville** (a beach city officially named Clarksville for five hours) by helicopter. **Mickey** said he loved it, but **Davy** was scared stiff!

In answer to your letters, C. L. of Worth, Illinois asked, "Is it true that **David McCallum** is really getting a divorce. I must know the truth! Help" I'm afraid so. He and wife **Jill** are in the process of getting a divorce and now **David** is dating others, though there's no steady girl.

A **Raider** fan was confused about **Harpo's** age, because she found some conflicting statistics. **Jim's** pencil must have slipped when he filled out our questionnaire. His real birthdate is March 13, 1945, which makes him 21 and his real name is **Jim George Valley.**

Hope that straightens things out. If you have any more questions about your favorites, just write me c/o Tiger Beat.

Gotta go now, keep those letters coming, I luv to hear from **you!**